

Suite for Orchestra

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Five pictures from Lewis Carroll

62

DEEMS TAYLOR

OPUS 12

Ia.	Dedication
Ib.	The Garden of Live Flowers
II.	Jabberwocky
III.	Looking Glass Insects
IV	The White Knight

Full Score

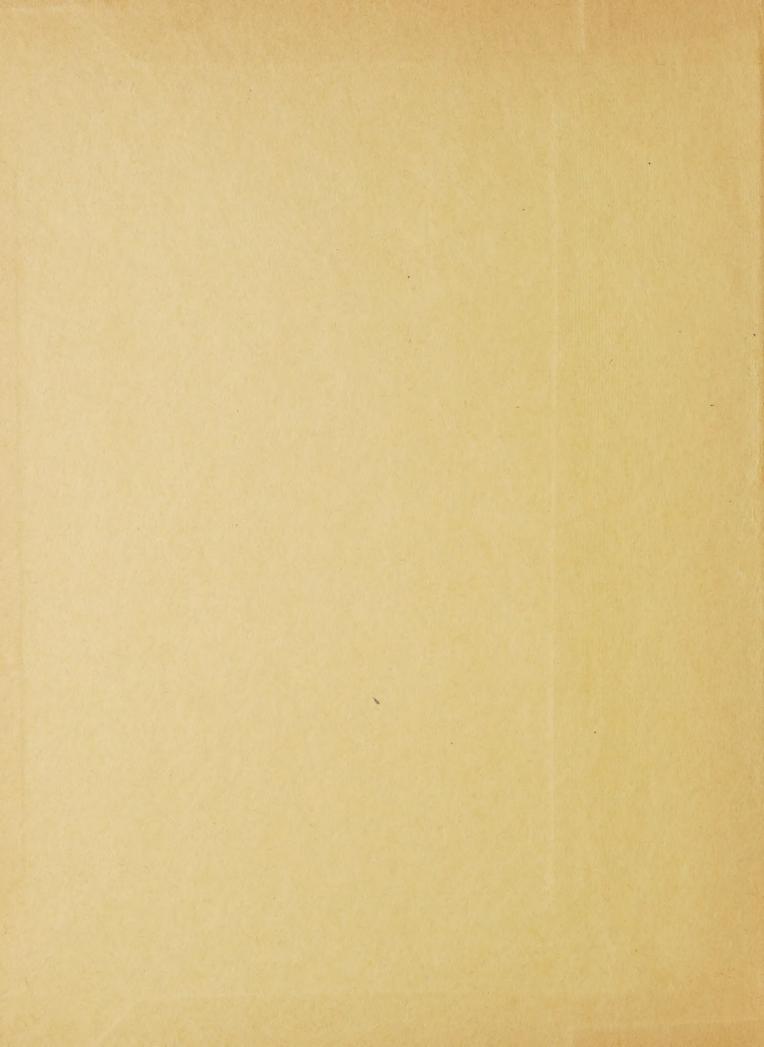


Published by

J. FISCHER @ BROTHER / NEW YORK

Fourth Ave. at Eighth St. (Astor Place) - 3, New Street, Birmingham, England









o mr. S. Bottenheim

Suite for Orchestra Deems aylor 2-111 - 1925

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

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64

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Ia.	Dedication
16.	The Garden of Live Flowers
II.	Jabberwocky
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IV	The White Knight

Full Score



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Printed in Germany

To Katharine Moore Taylor from a difficult son

M 1003 T27T5



1108874

Instrumentation

Woodwind: 2 Flutes, 1 Third flute and piccolo, 2 Oboes,

English Horn, 2 Clarinets in A and B^{\flat} , Bass Clarinet in B^{\flat} , 2 Bassoons, Contra Basson.

Brass: 4 Horns in F, 3 Trumpets in Bb, 3 Trombones,

Tuba.

Percussion: 3 Timpani, Cymbals, Triangle, Snare Drum,

Glockenspiel · Xylophone, Tambourine.

Piano

Strings

Time of Performance: About 30 minutes.

Ia. Dedication

Child of the pure unclouded brow
And dreaming eyes of wonder!
Though time be fleet, and I and thou
Are half a life asunder,
Thy loving smile will surely hail
The love=gift of a fairy=tale.

And though the shadow of a sigh
May tremble through the story,
For happy summer days gone by,
And vanished summer glory—
It shall not touch with breath of bale
The pleasance of our fairy=tale.

16. The Garden of Live Flowers

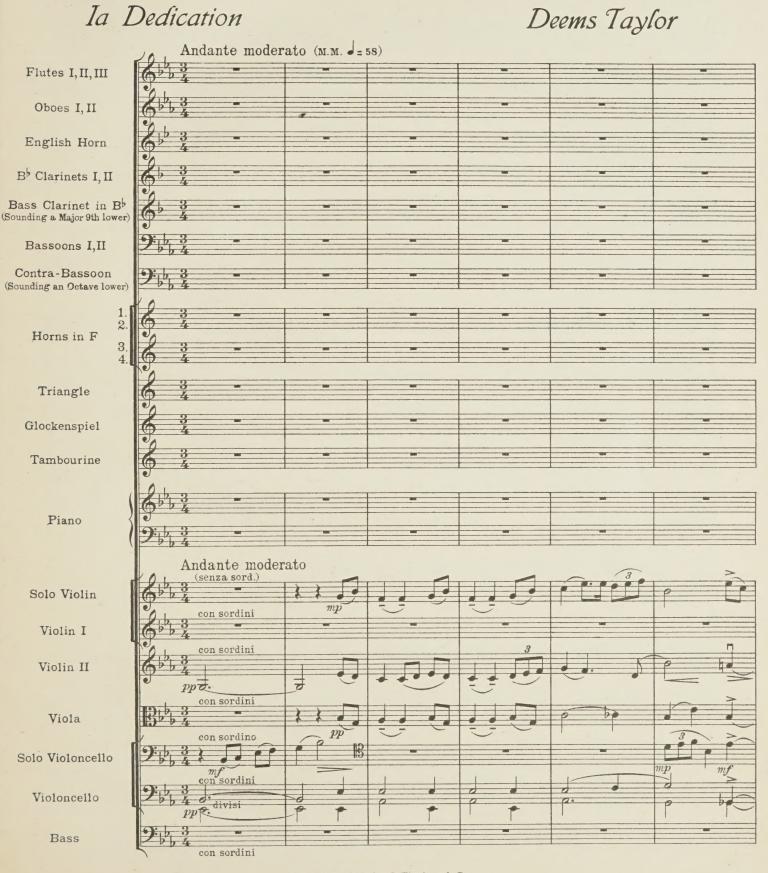
"O tiger=lily," said Alice, addressing herself to one that was waving gracefully about in the wind, "I wish you could talk."
"We can talk," said the tiger=lily; "when there's anybody worth talking to."

"And can all the flowers talk?"

"As well as you can," said the tiger-lily, "And a great deal louder."

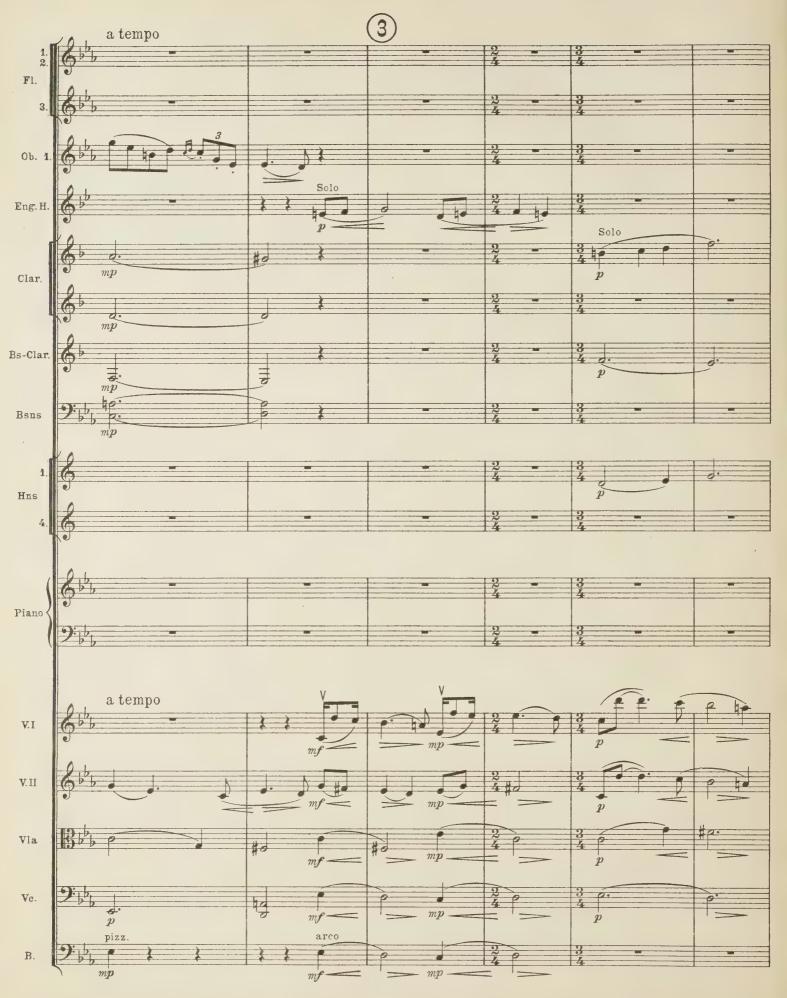
THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

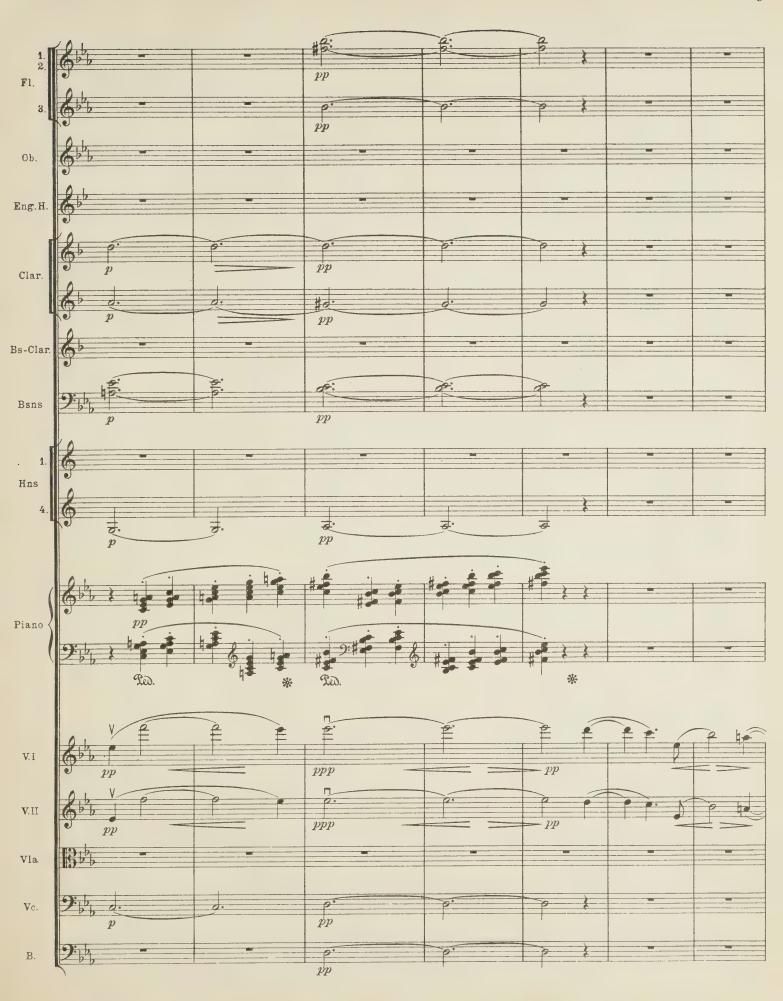
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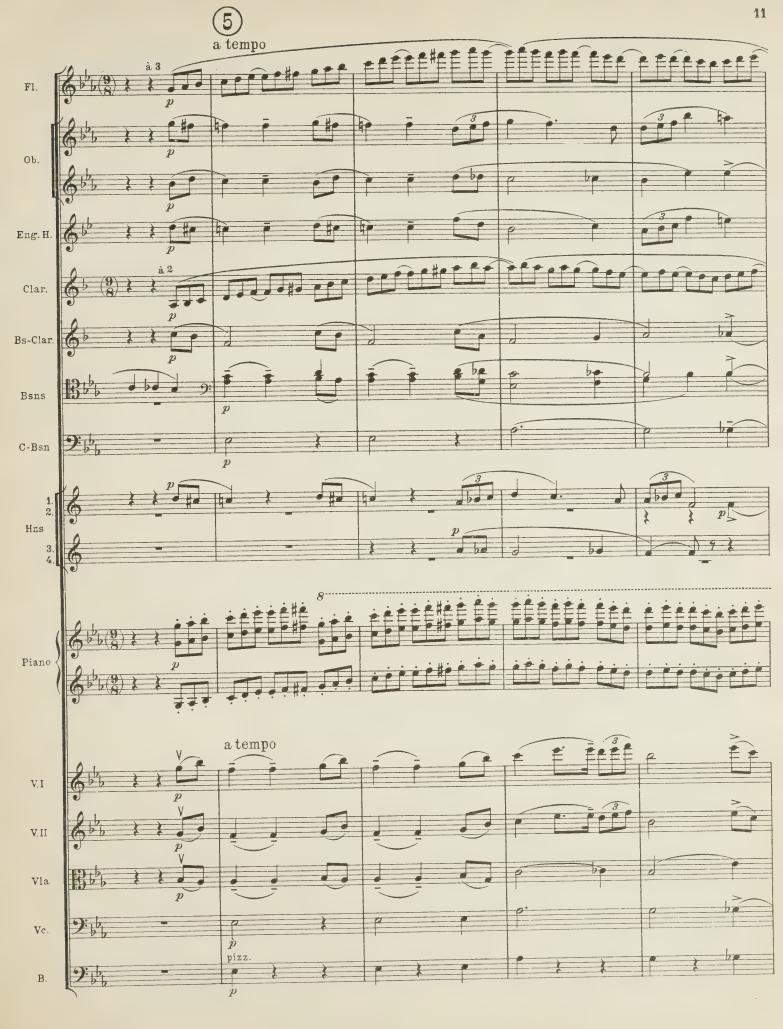










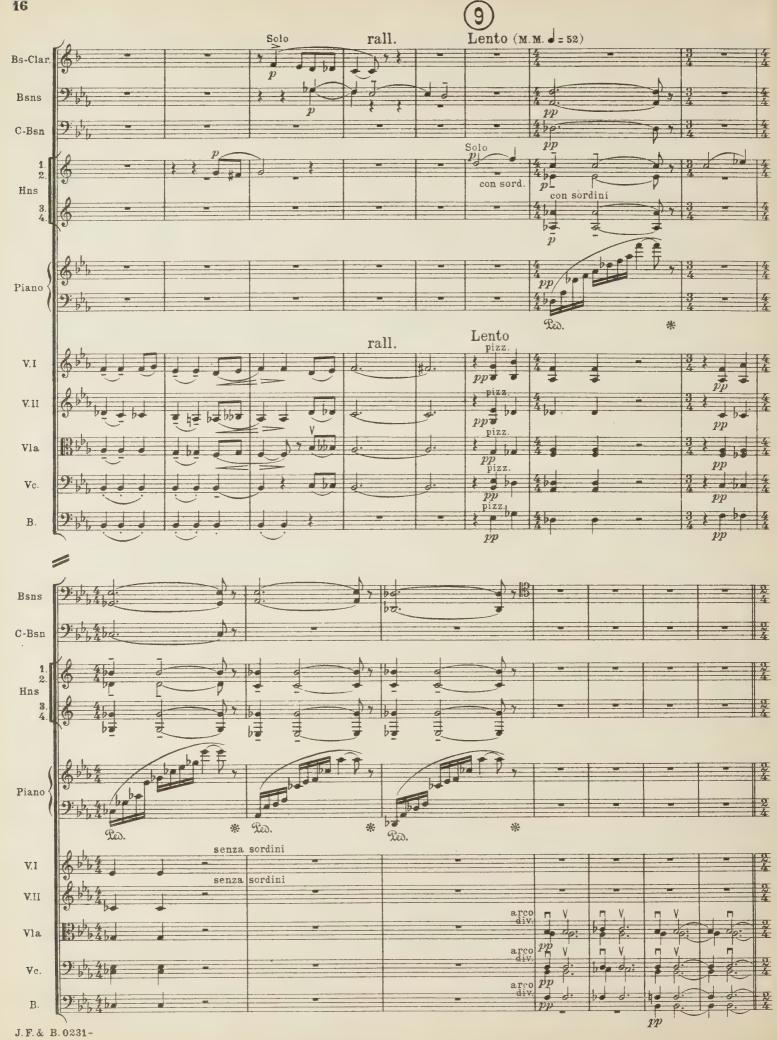




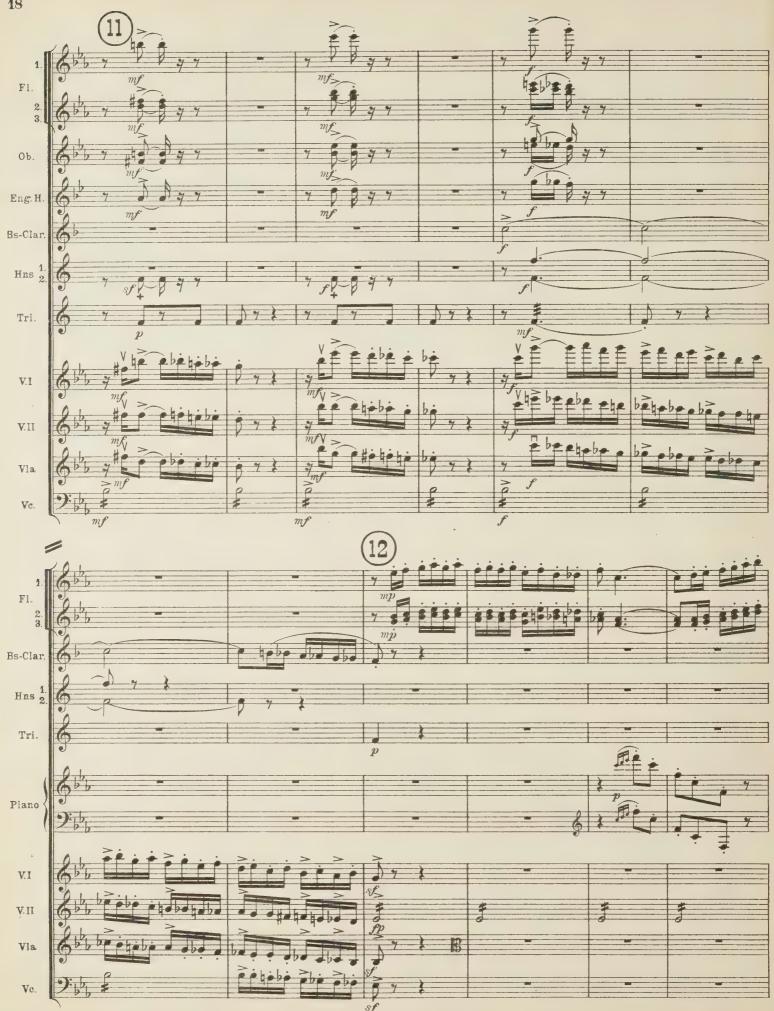


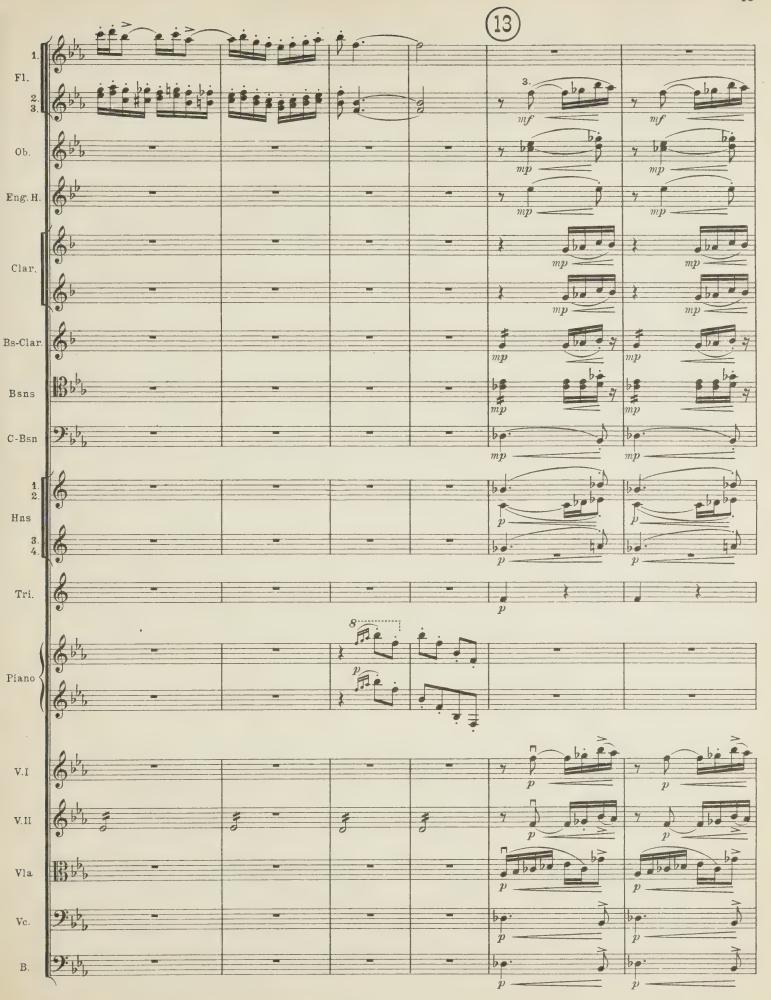




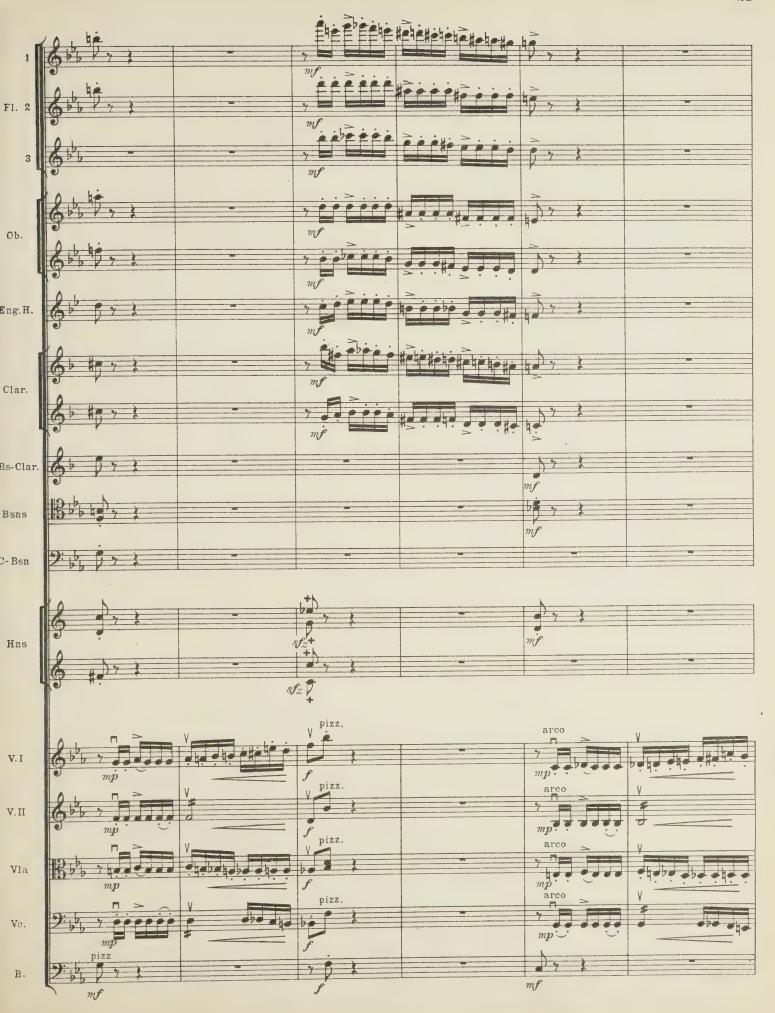


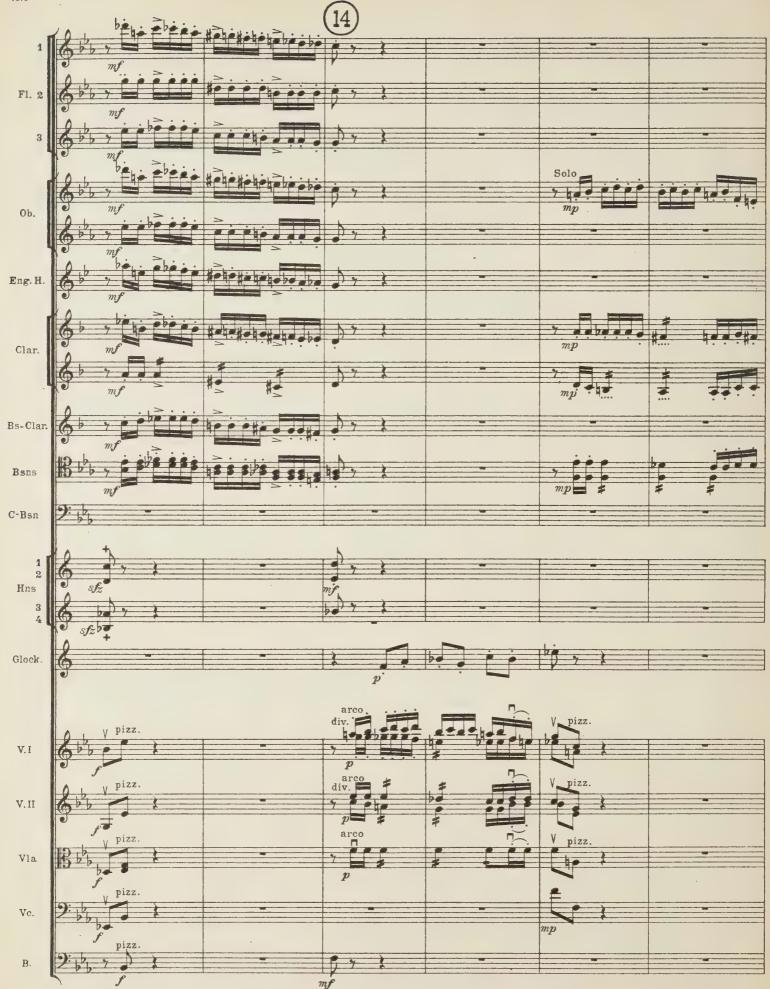






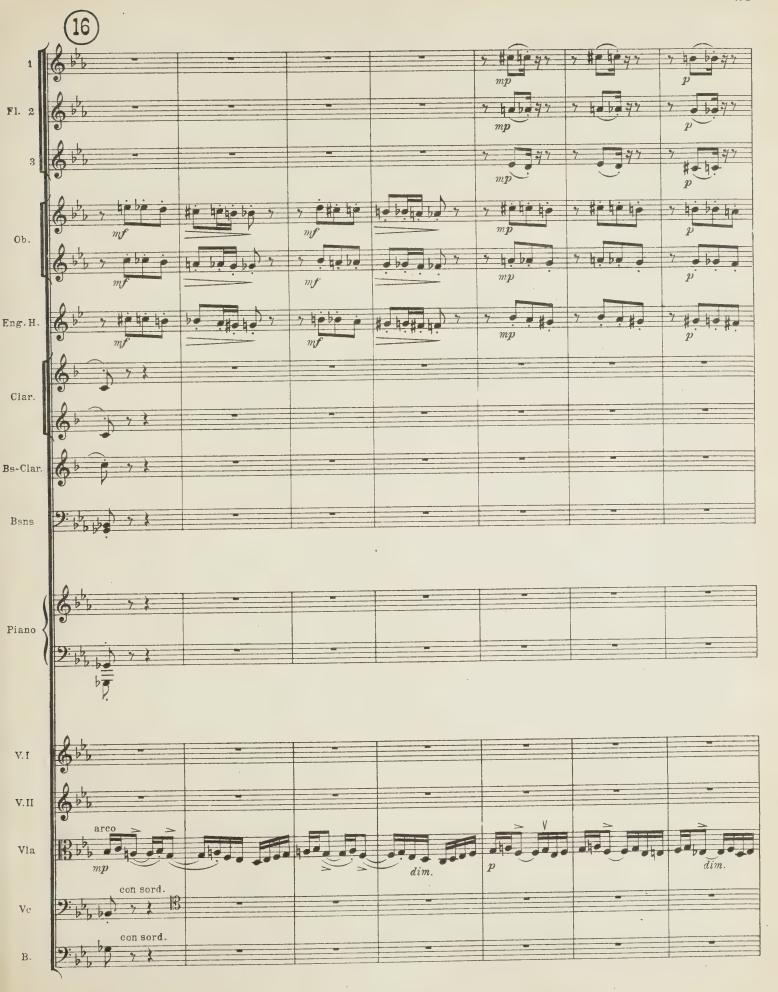


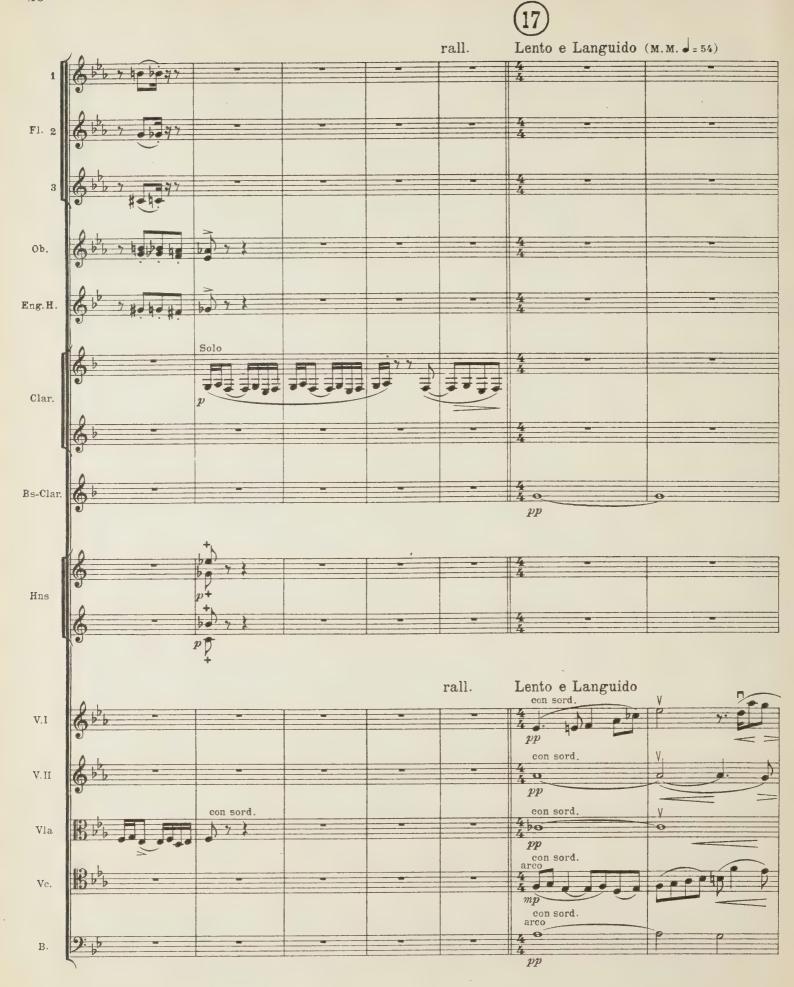




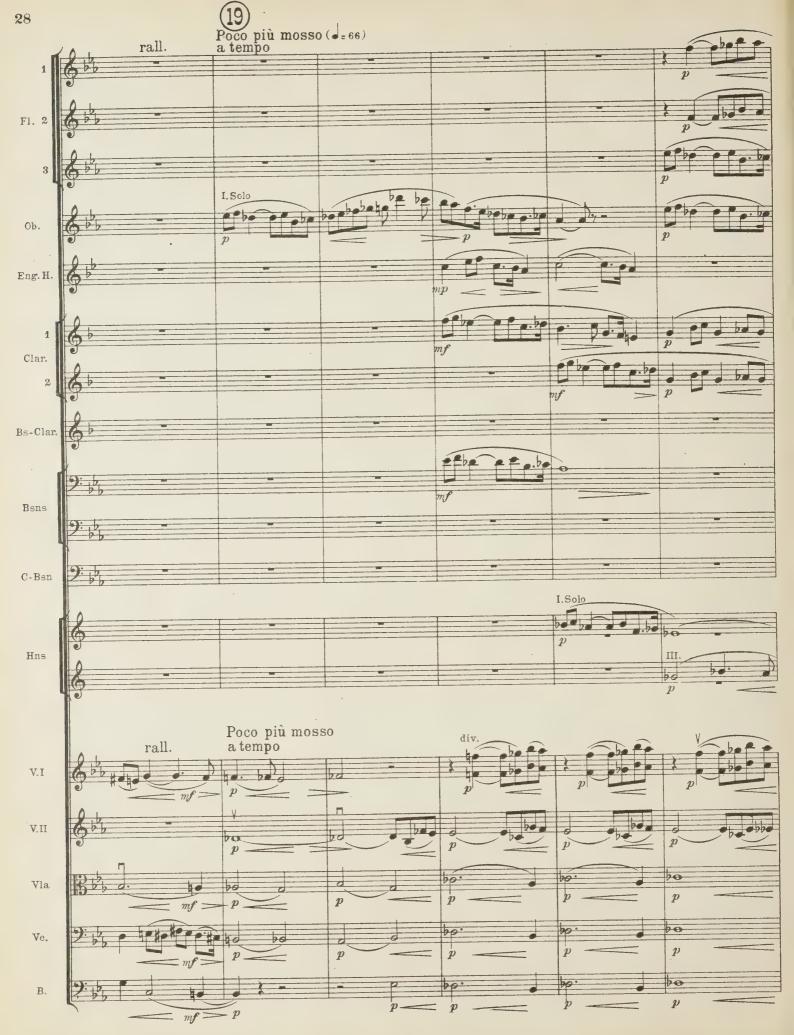




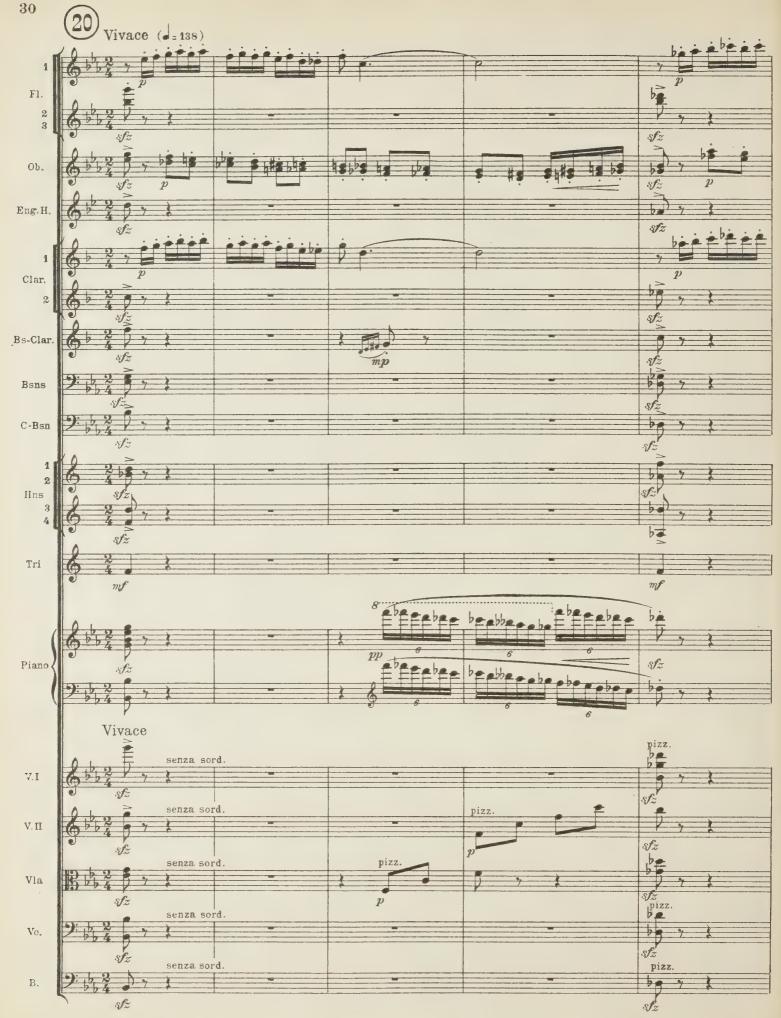


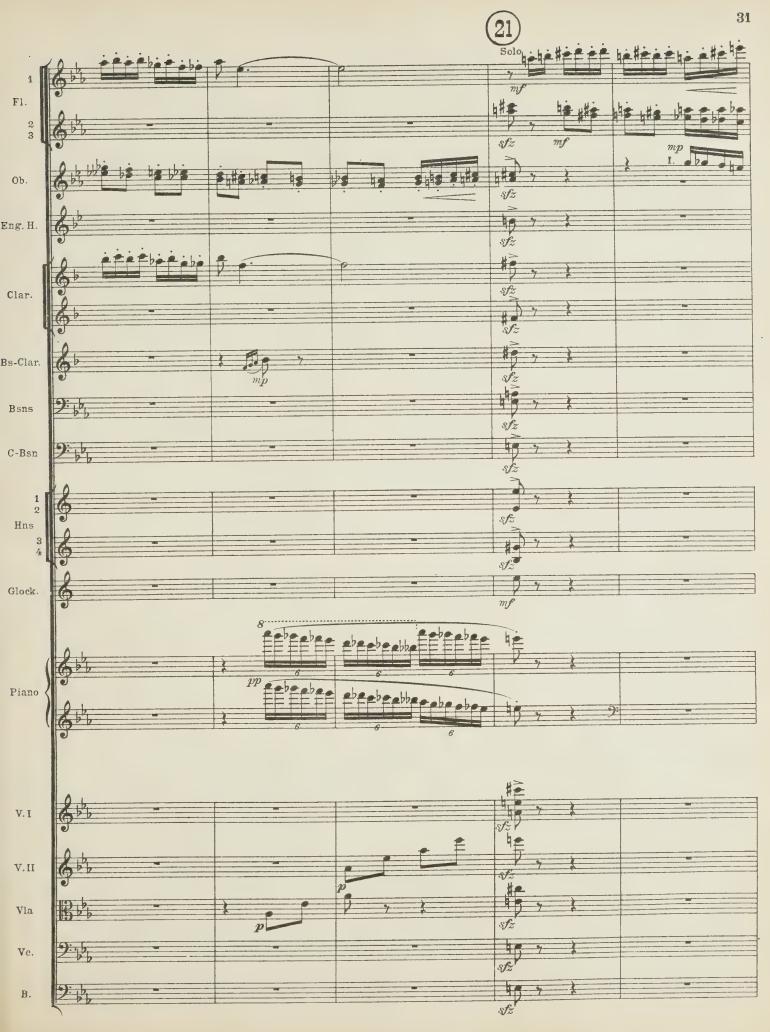


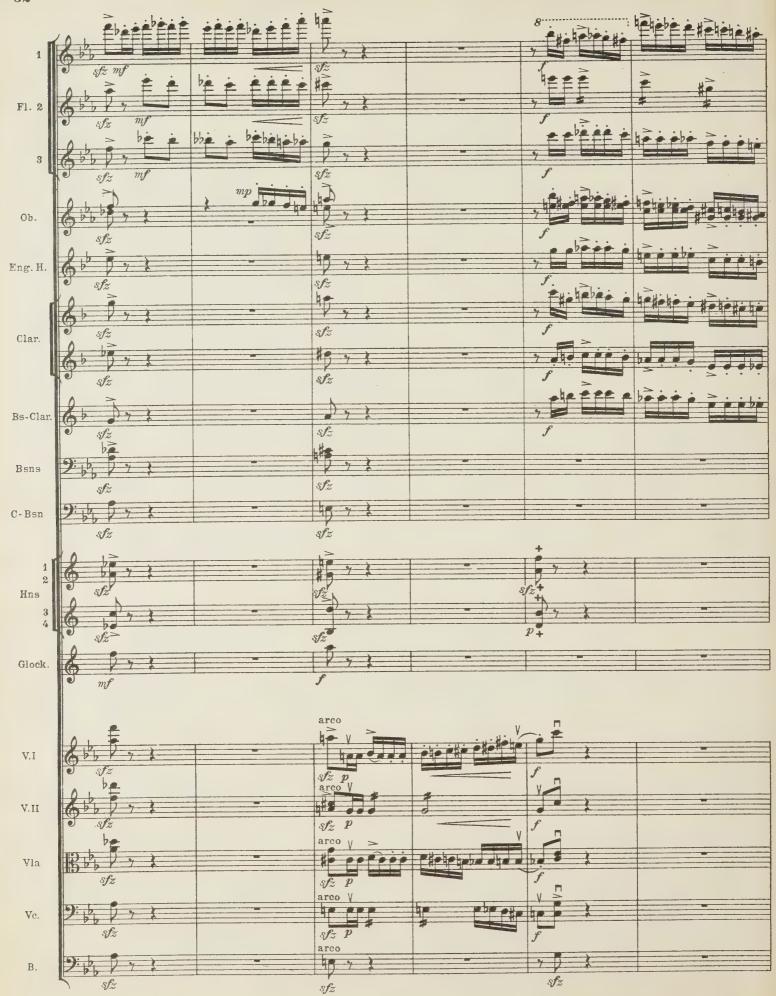


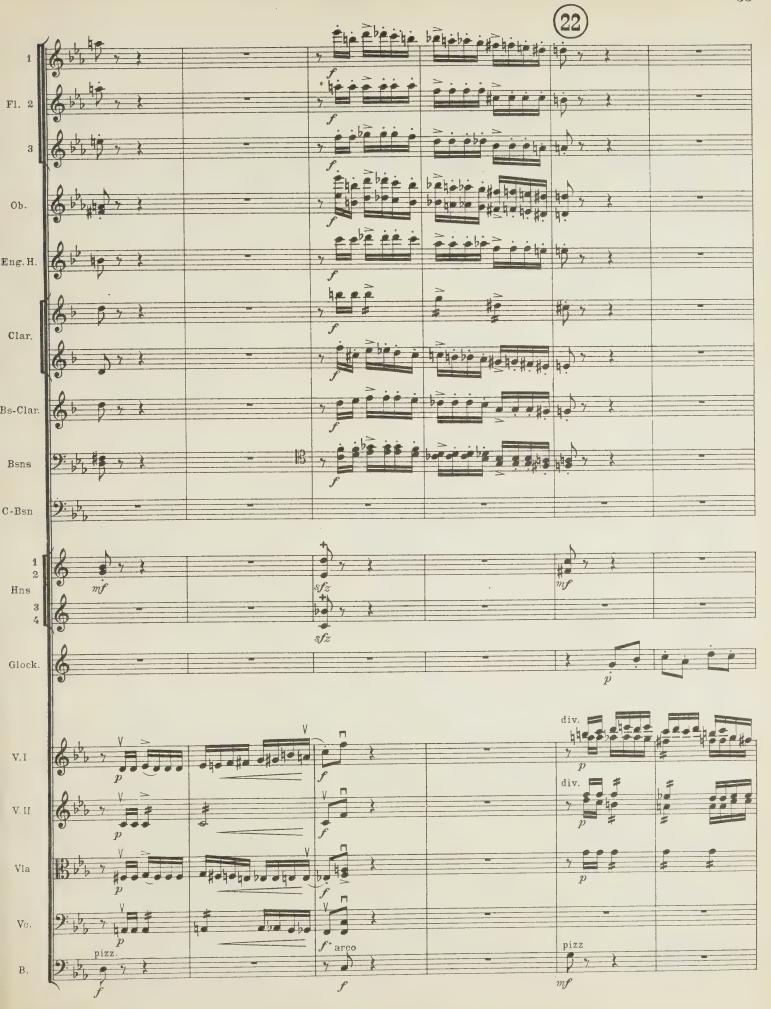


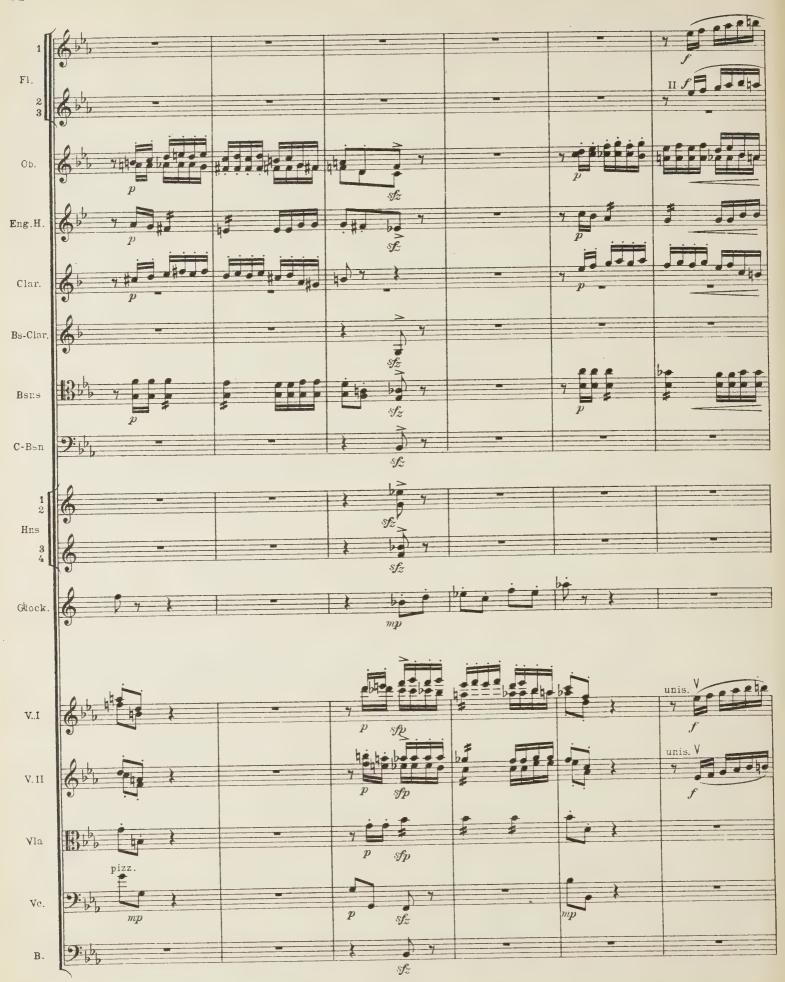


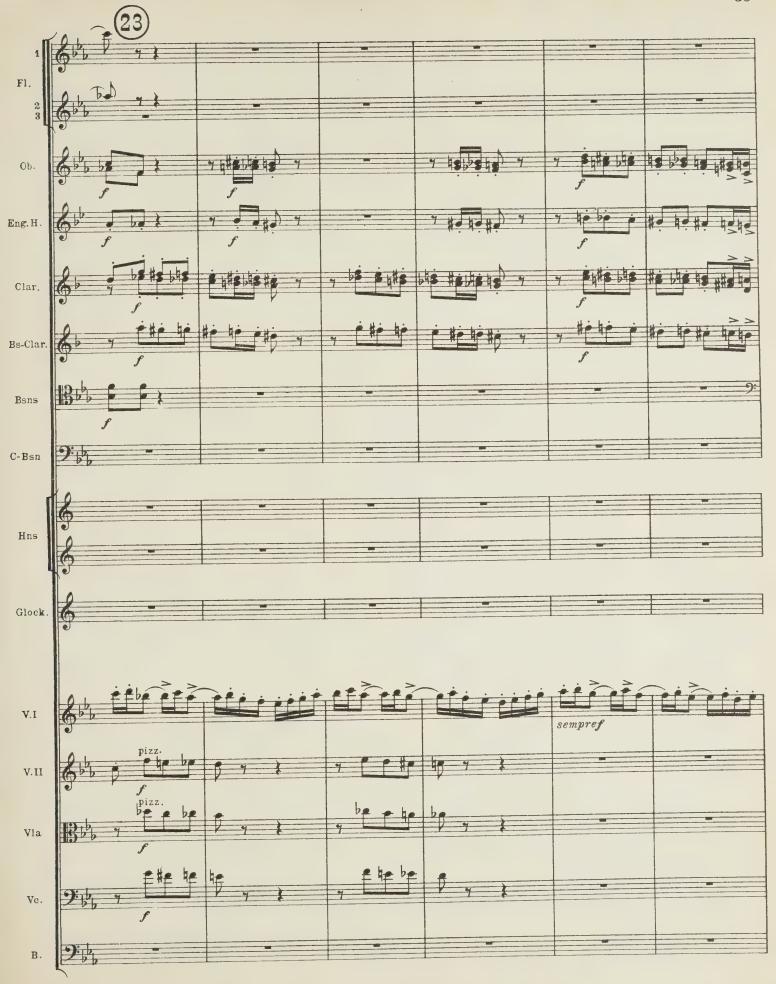


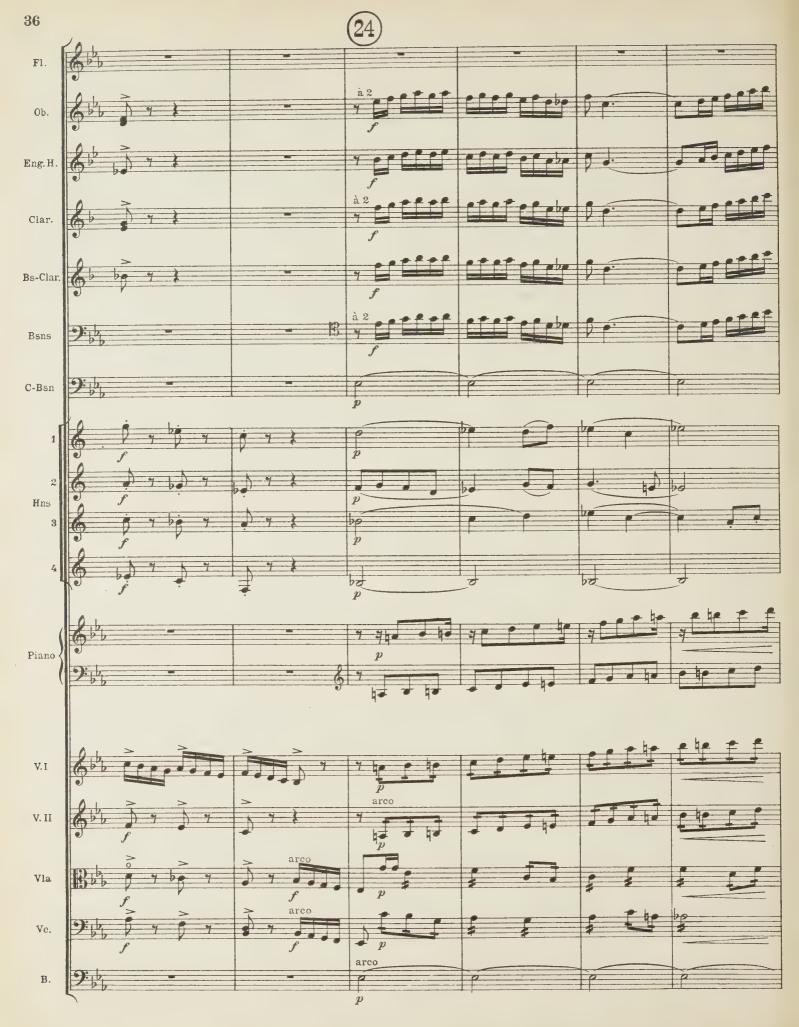


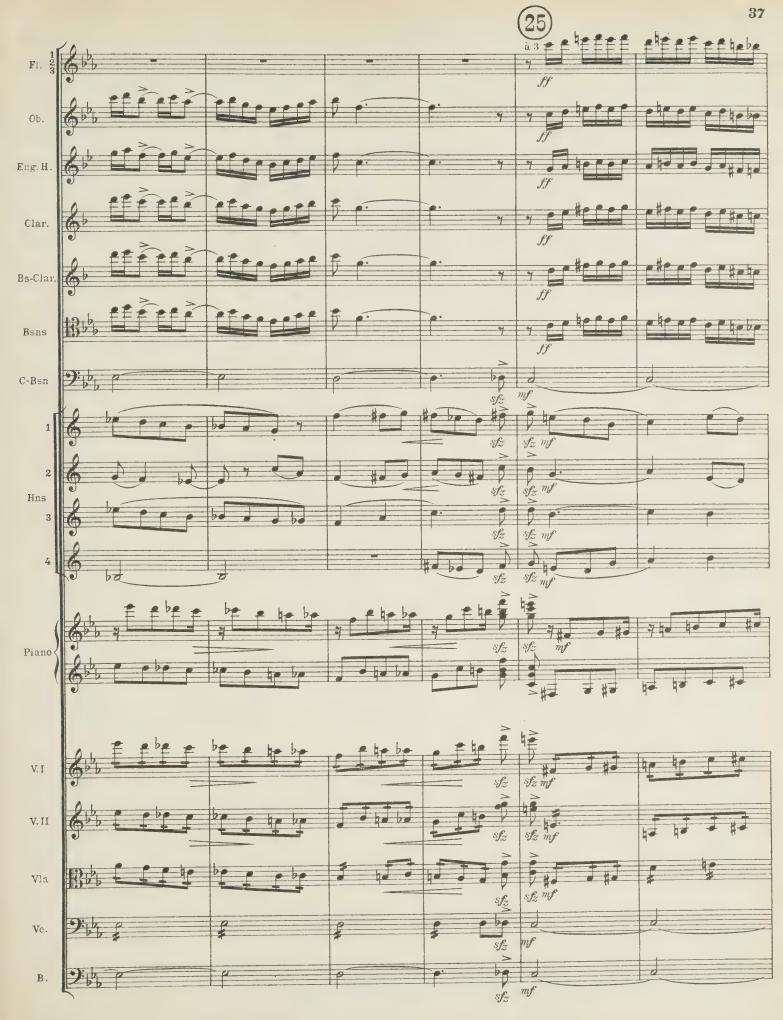




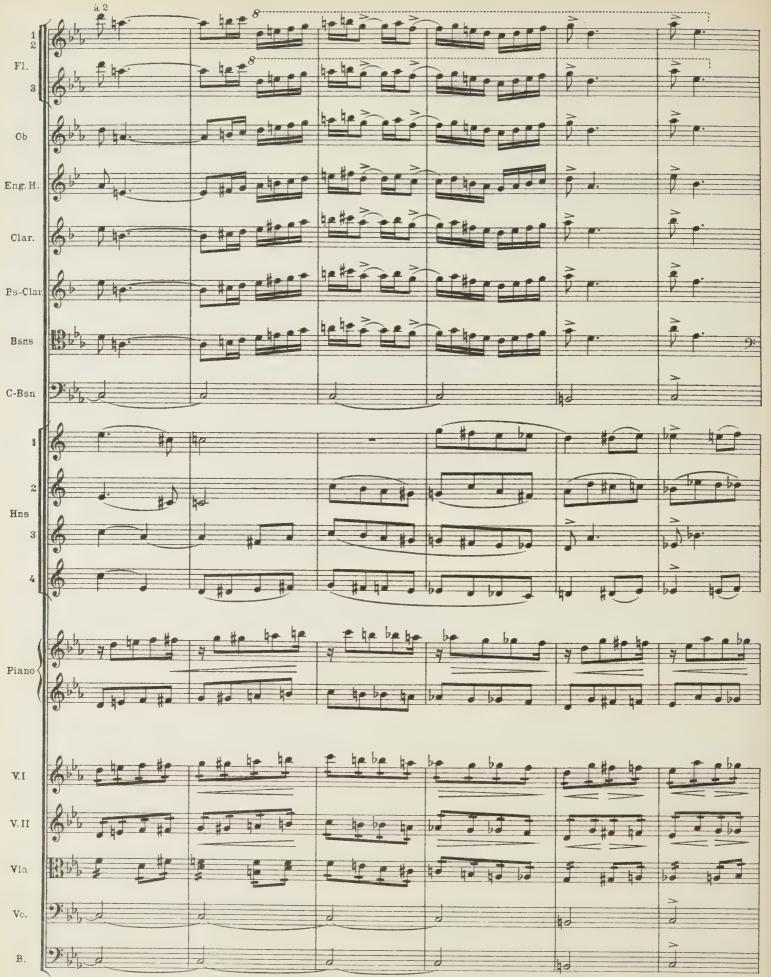


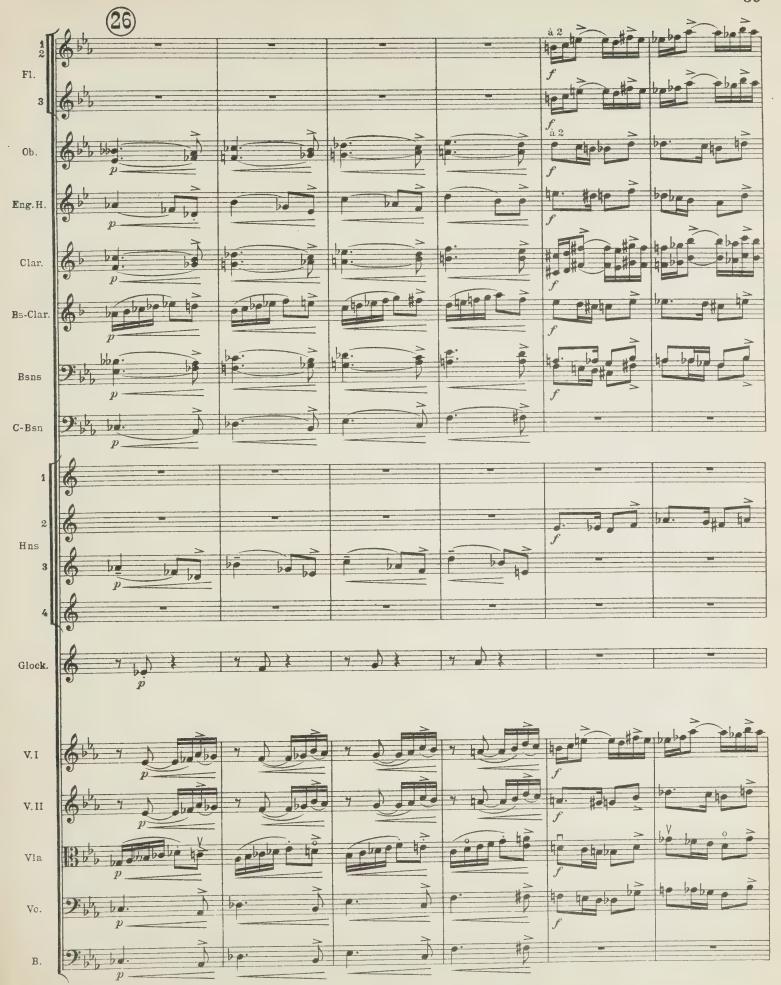




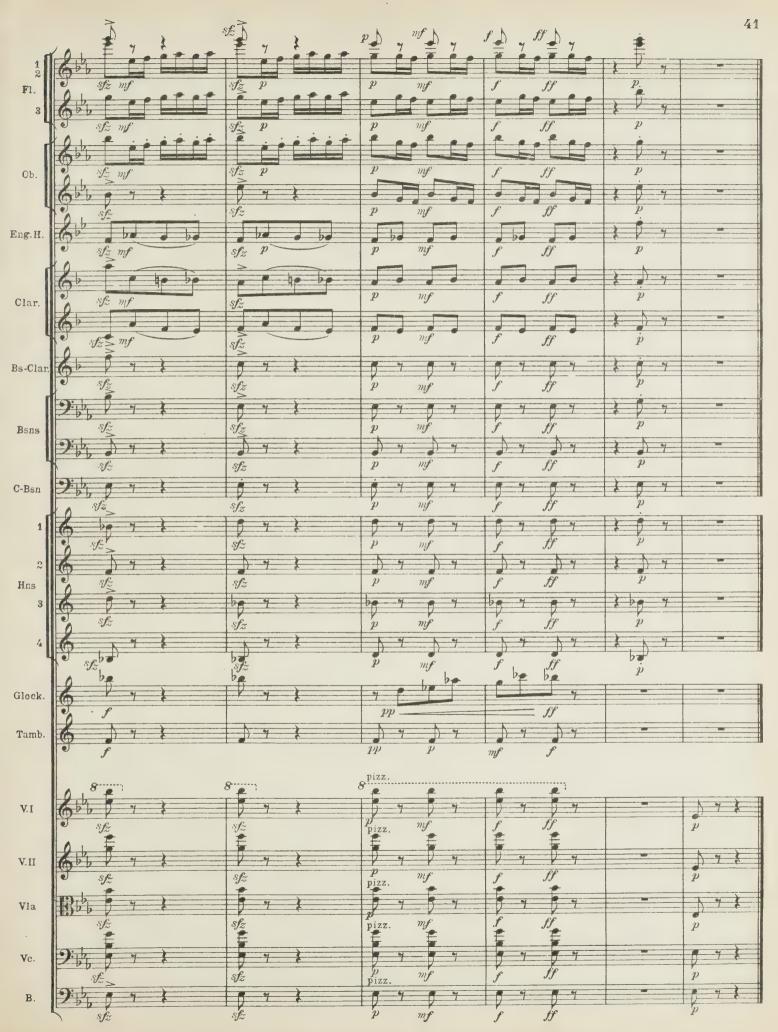












II. Jabberwocky

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe,
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!

The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!

Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun

The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:

Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,

And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,

The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,

Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,

And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker=snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock!

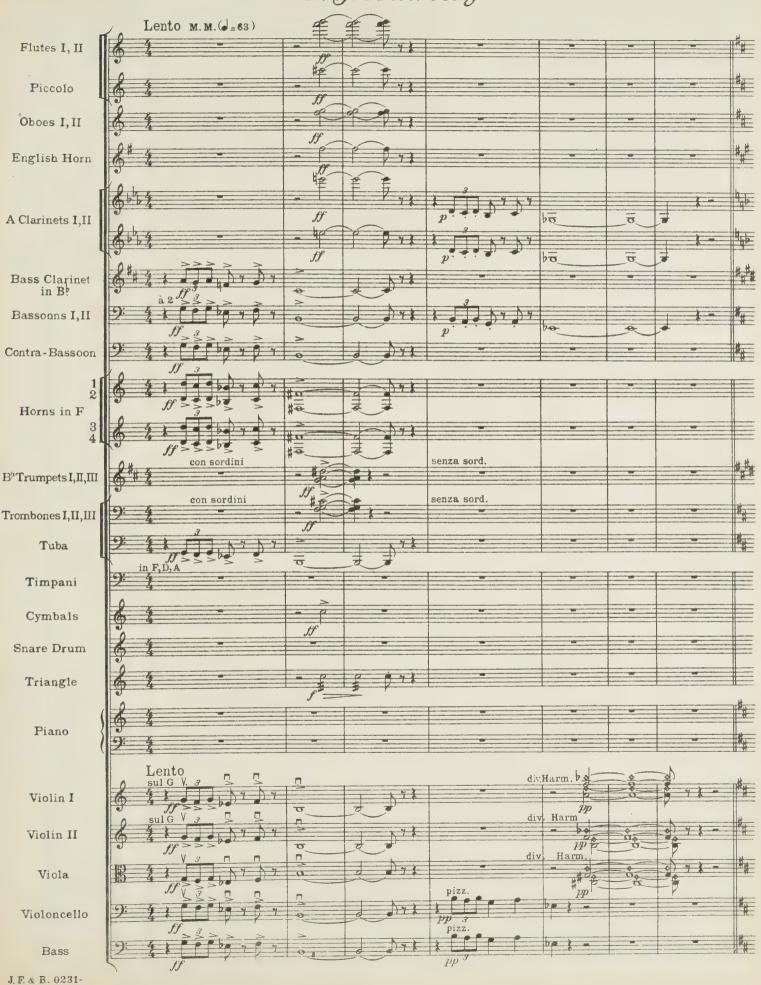
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!

O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"

He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

II. Jabberwocky

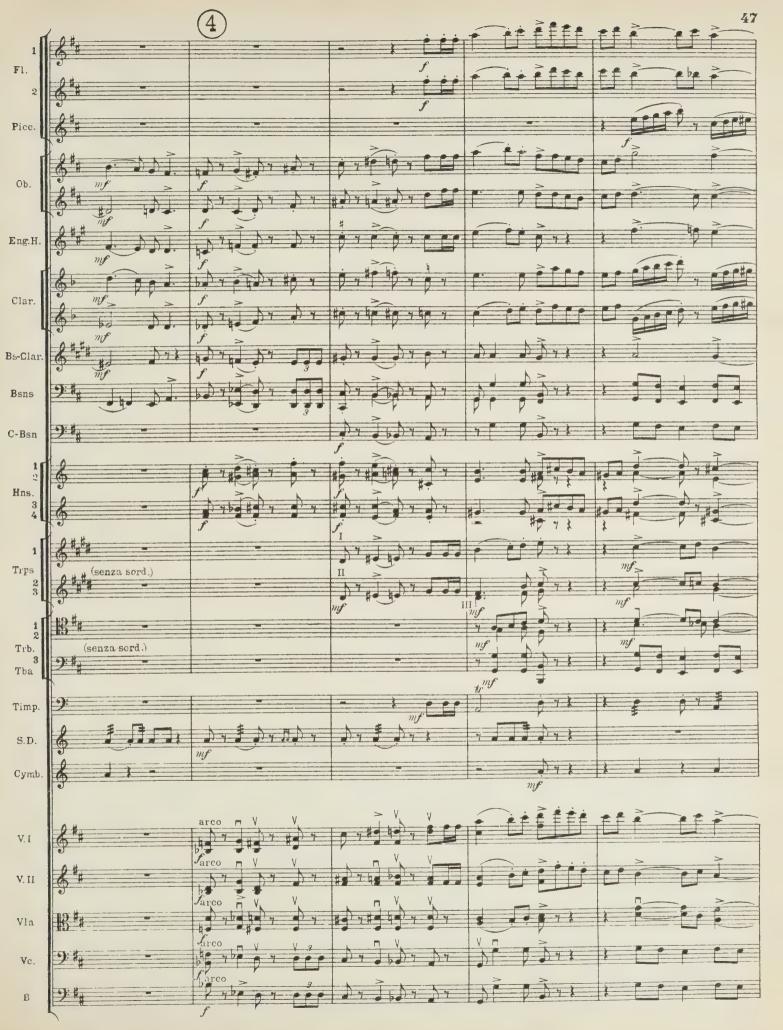


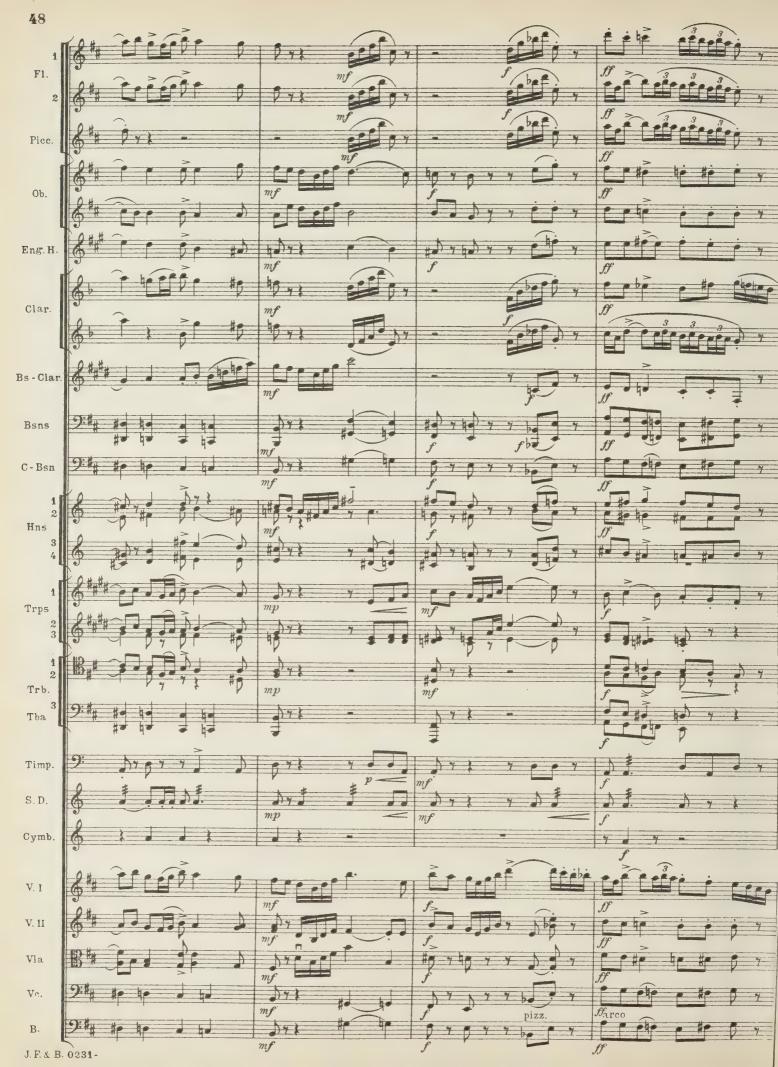


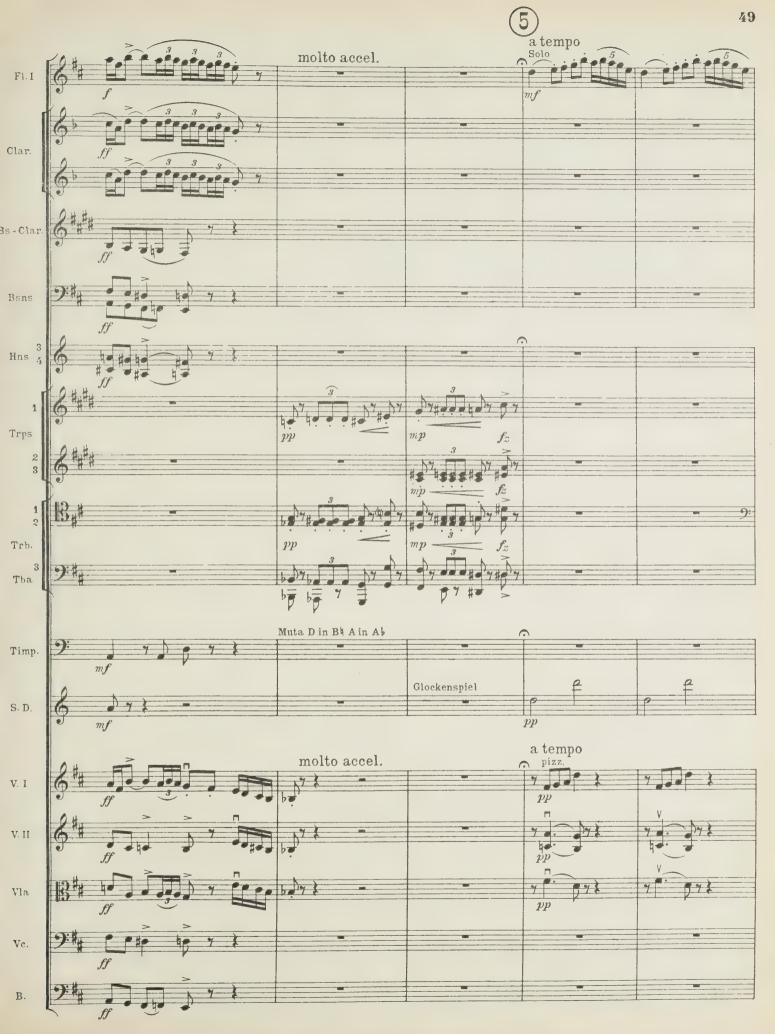


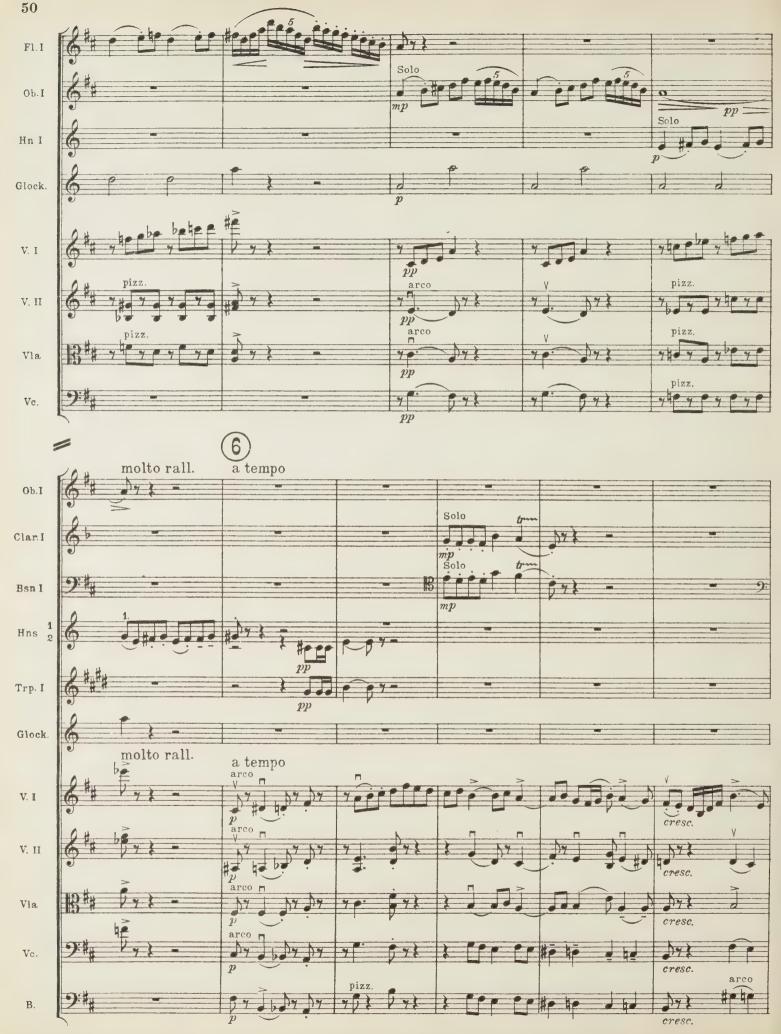


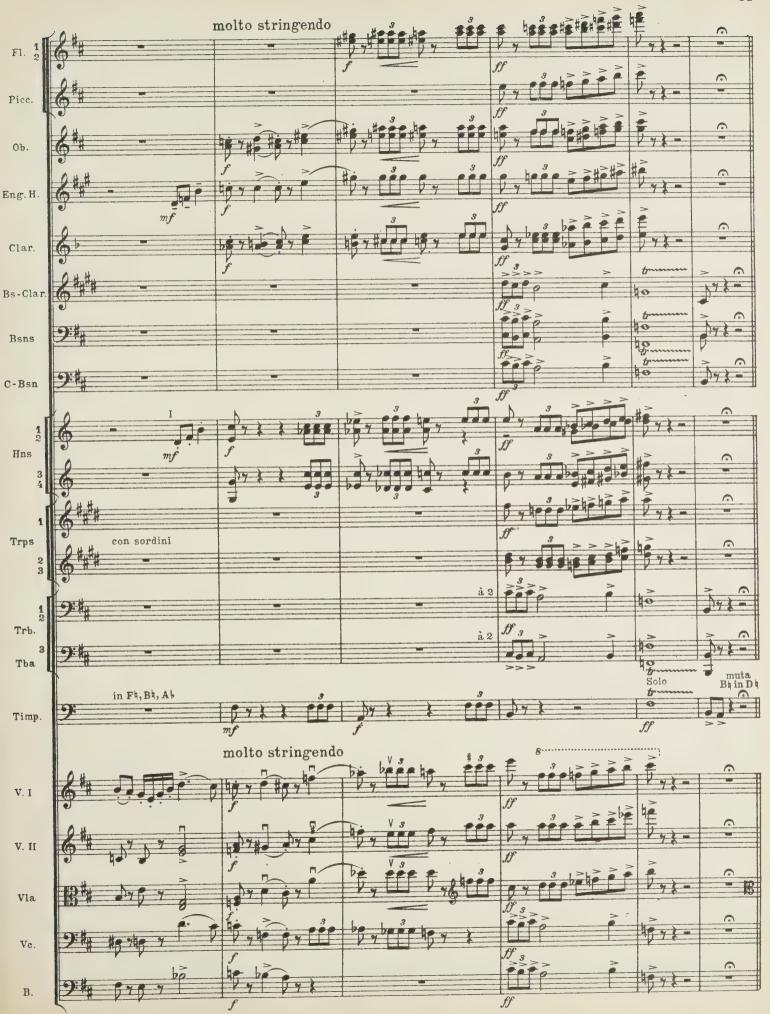






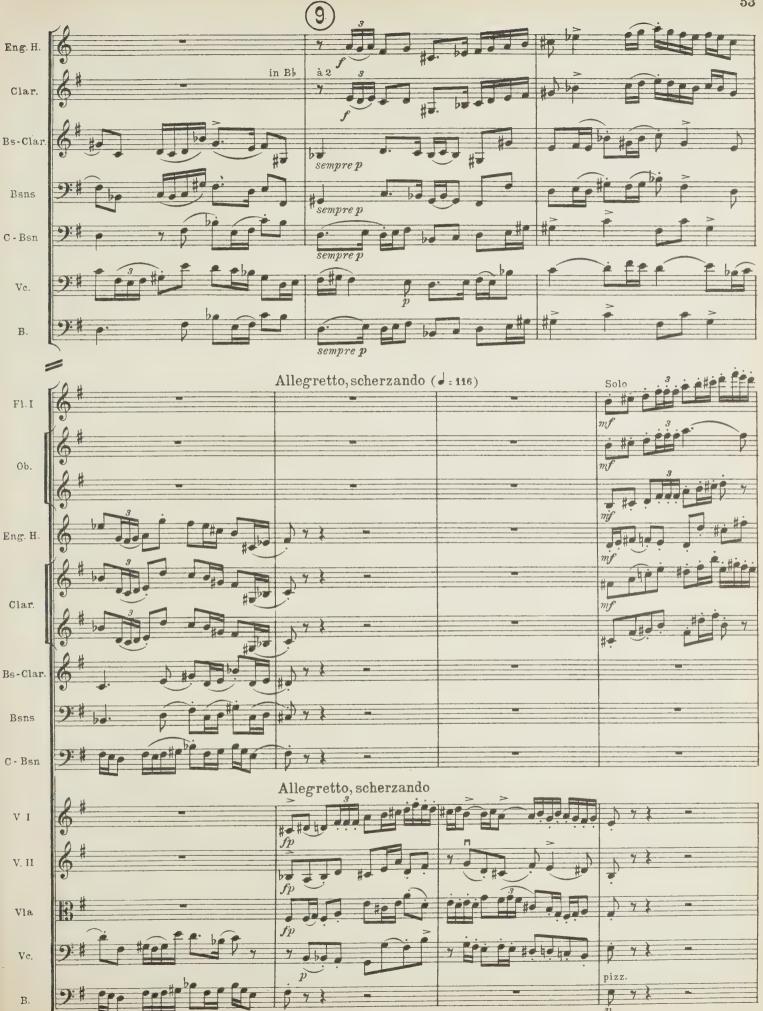






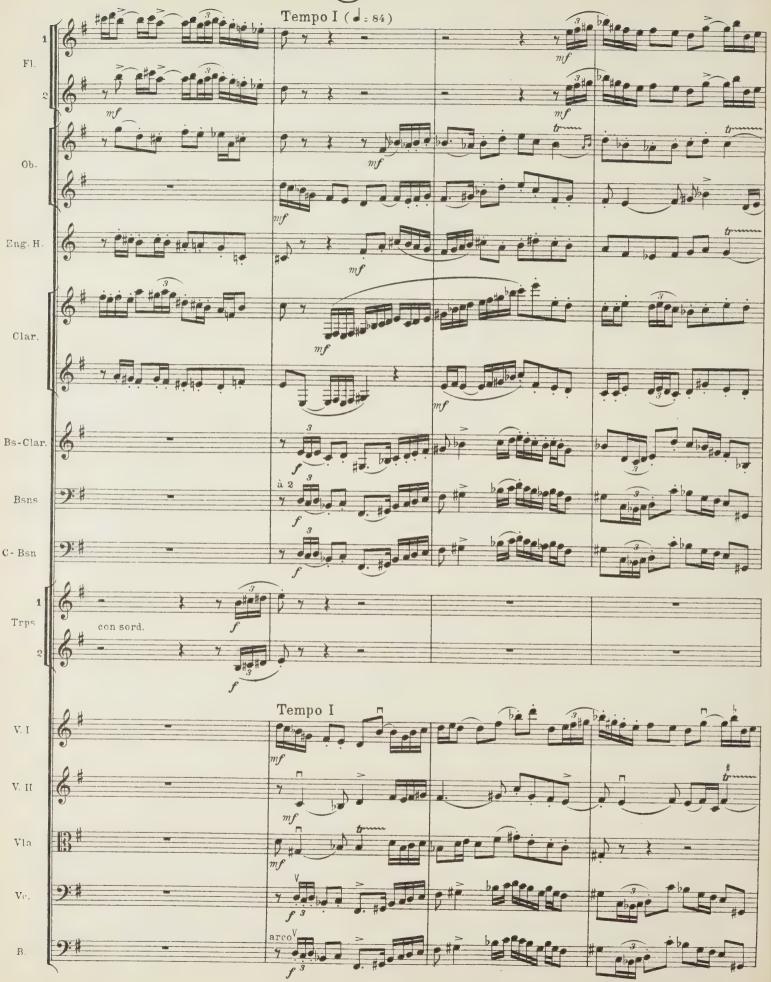




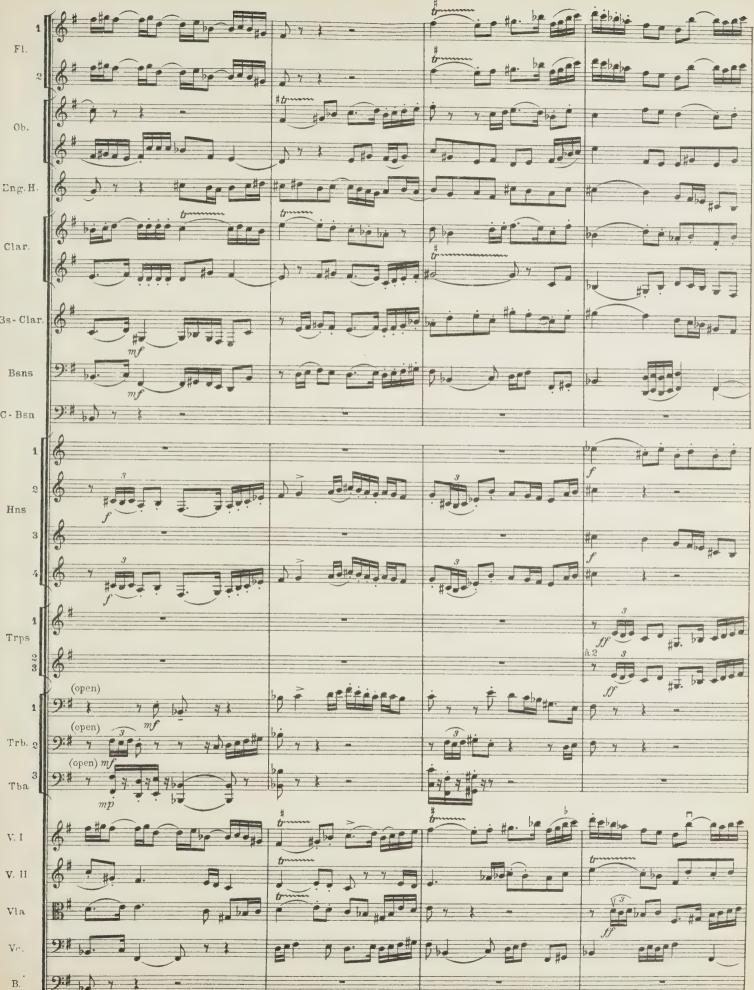


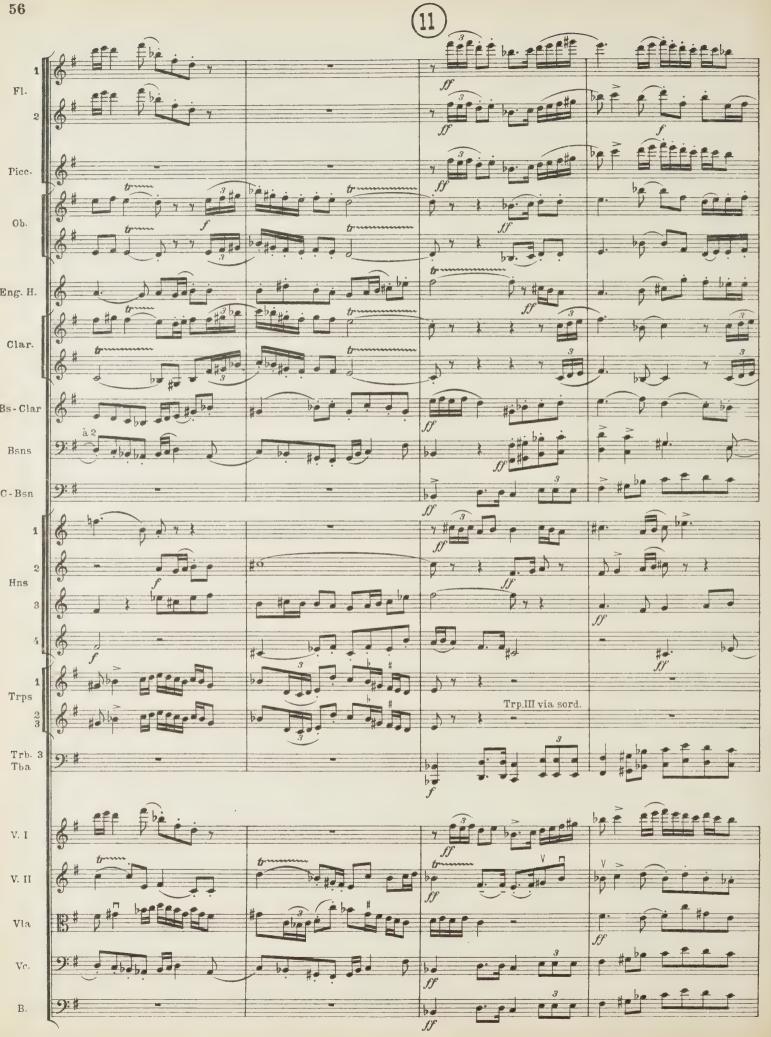
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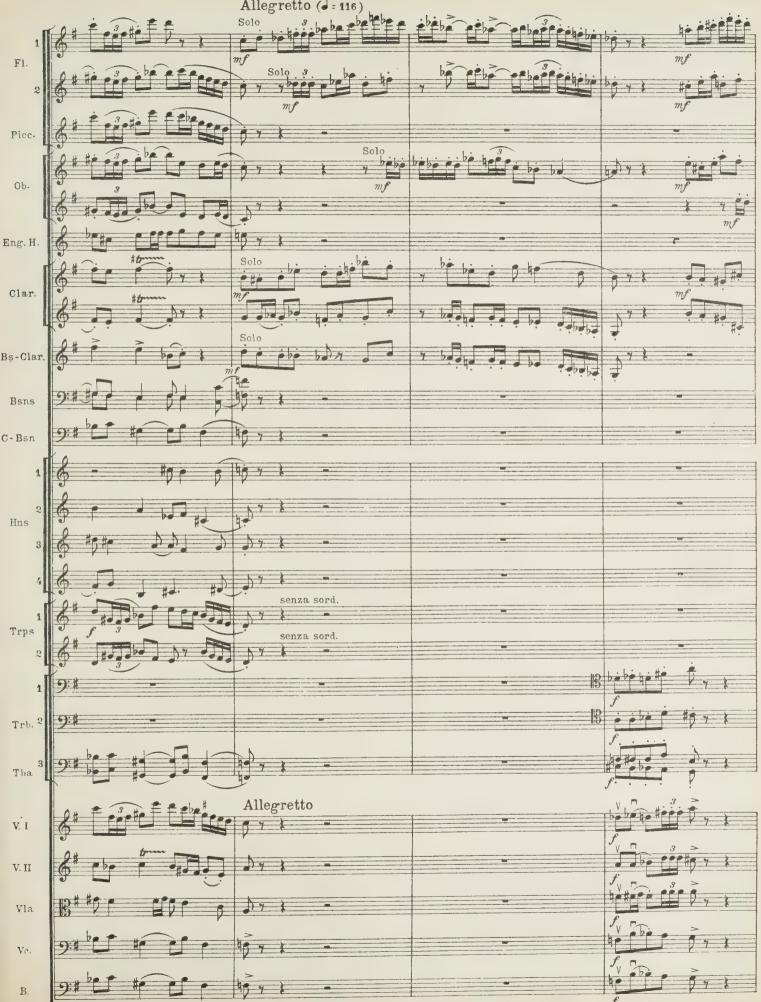




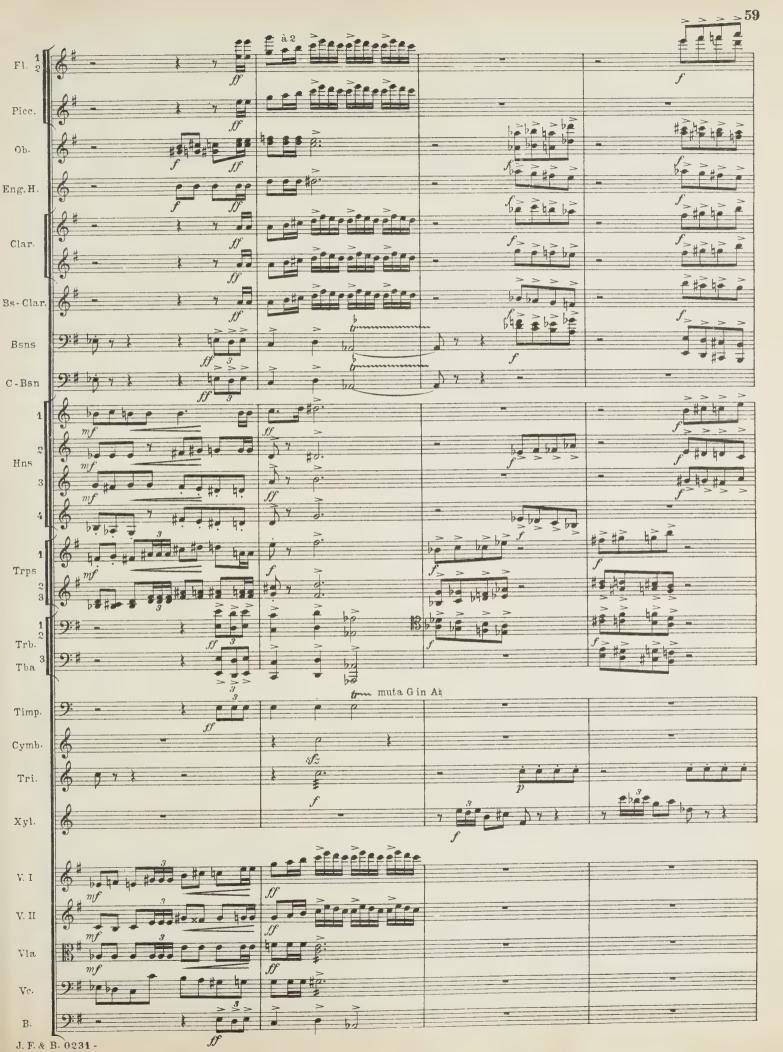


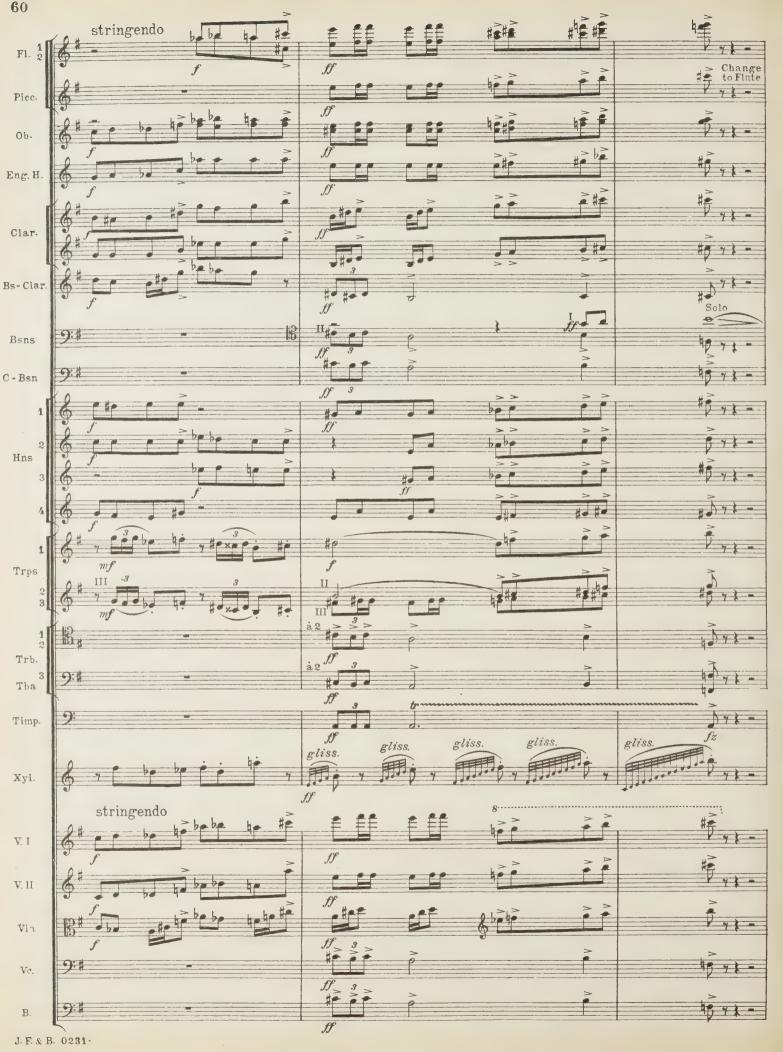




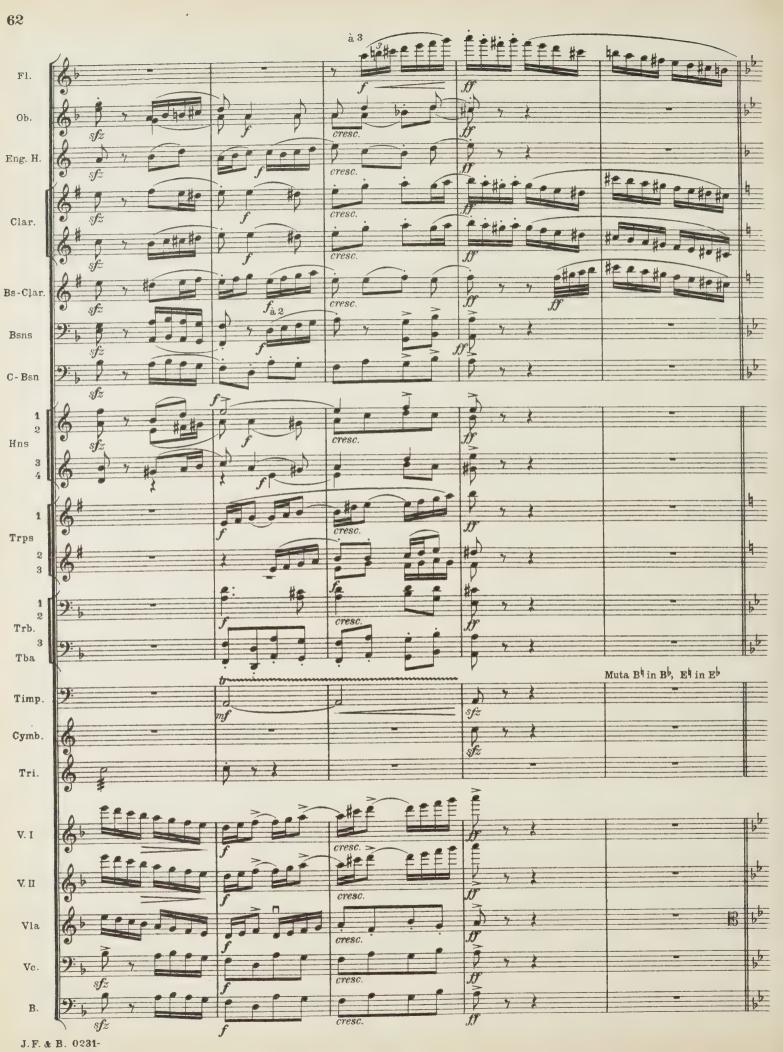


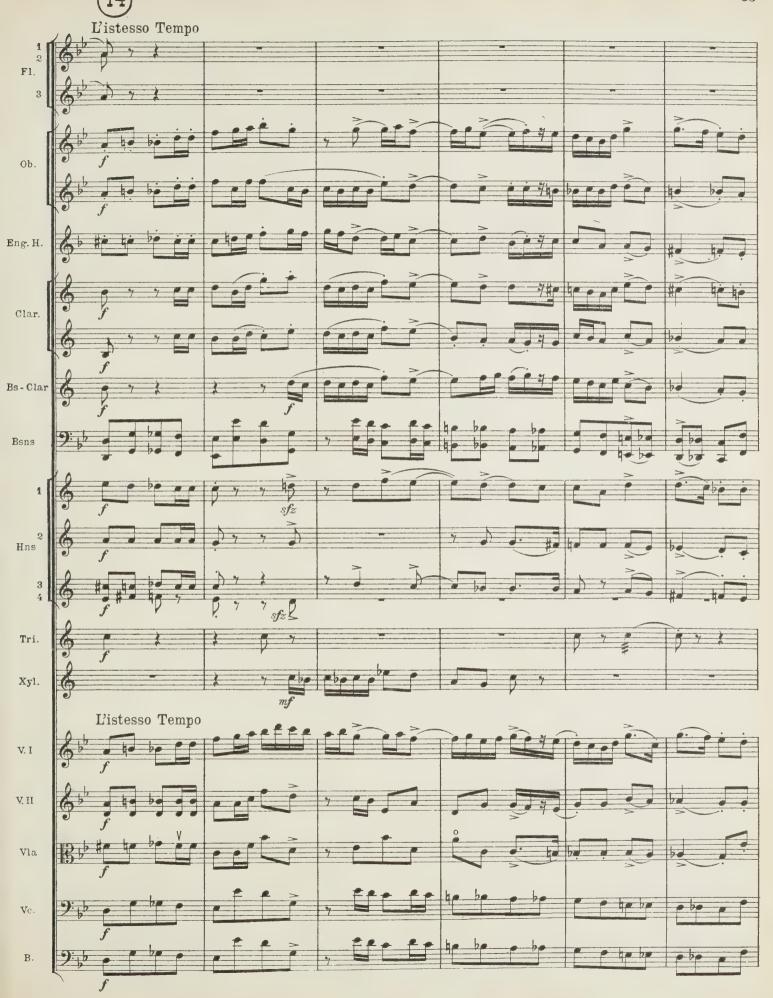


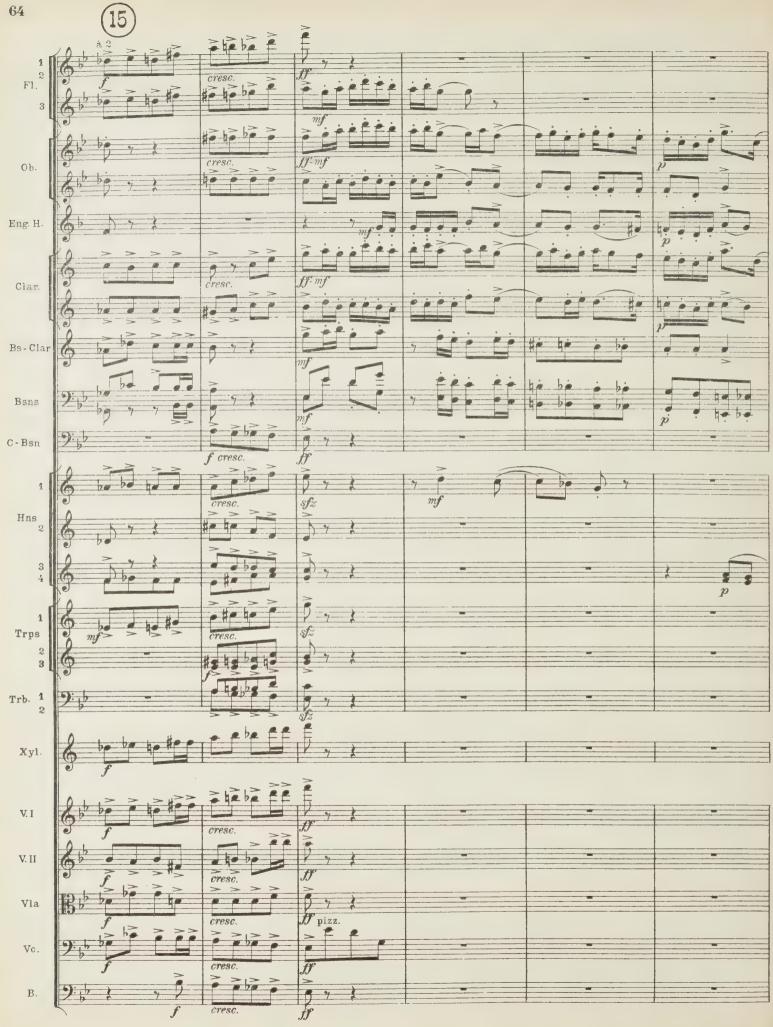


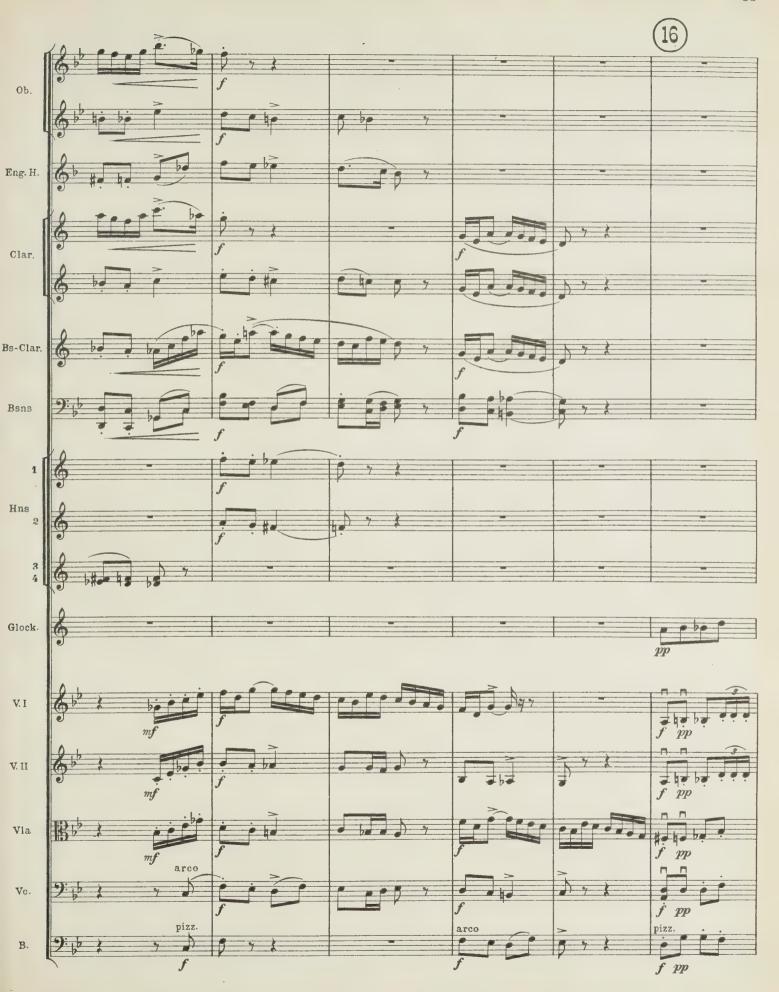


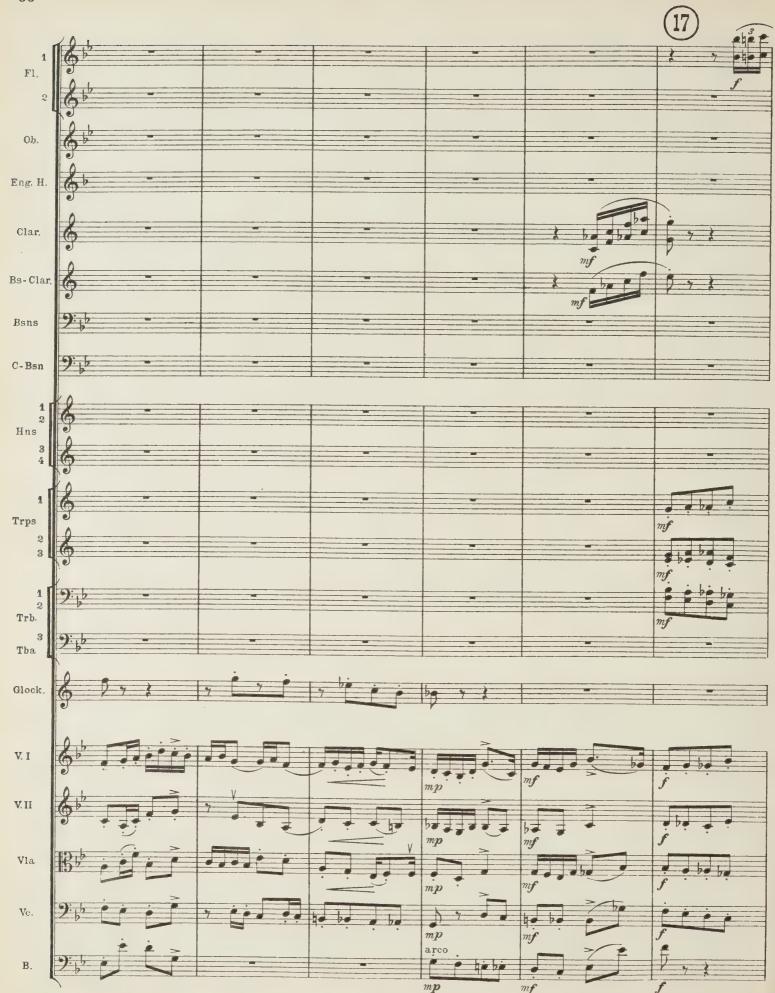


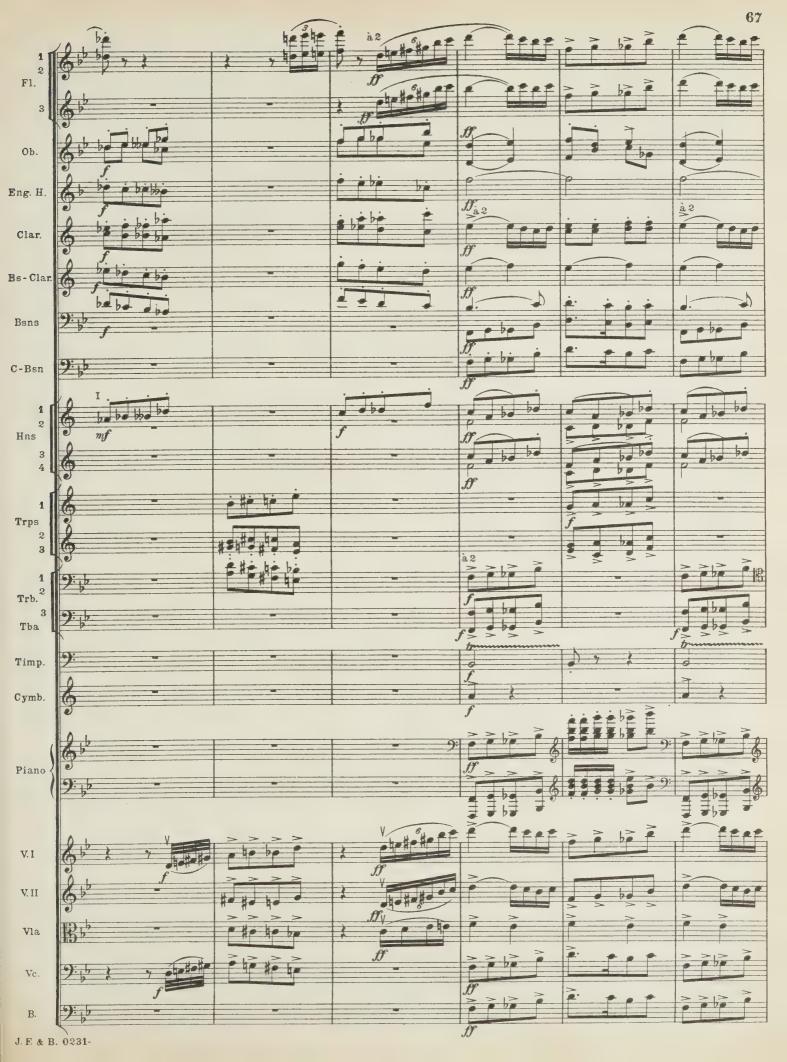


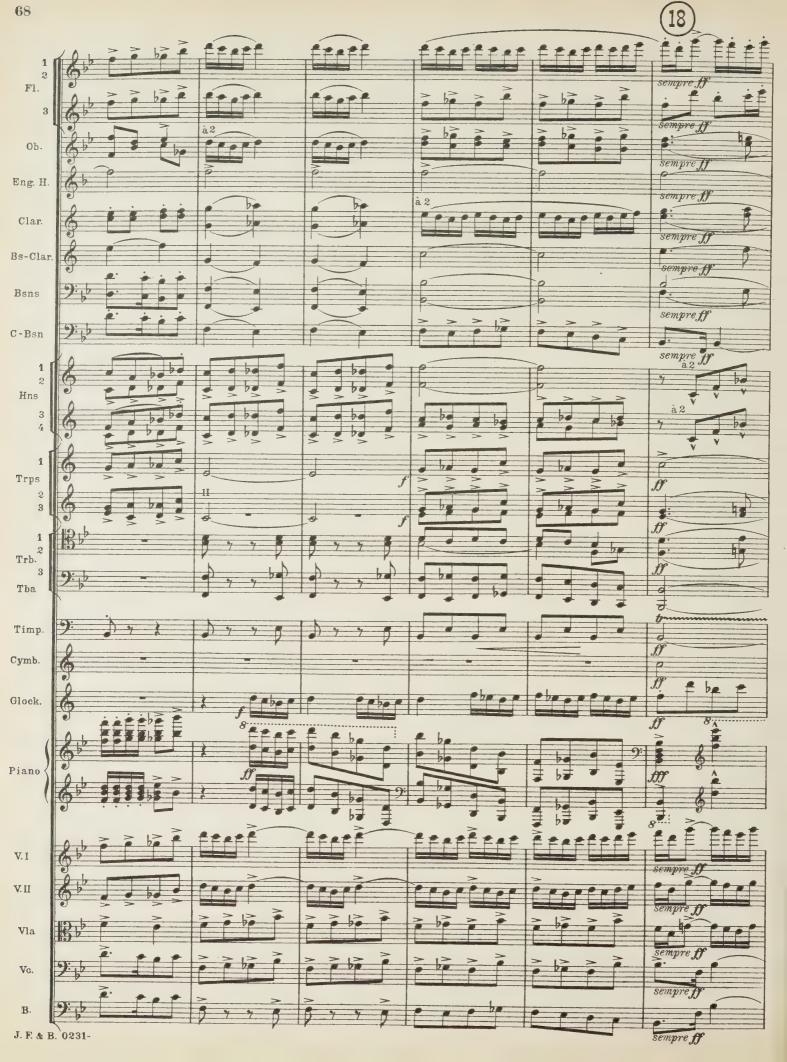


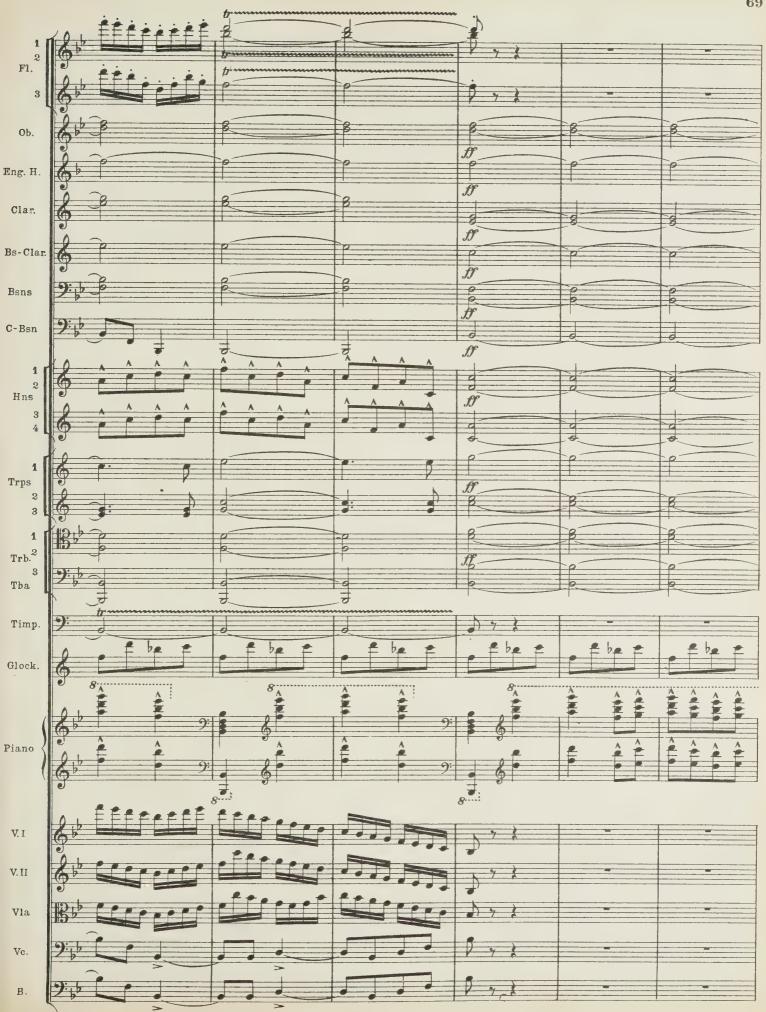


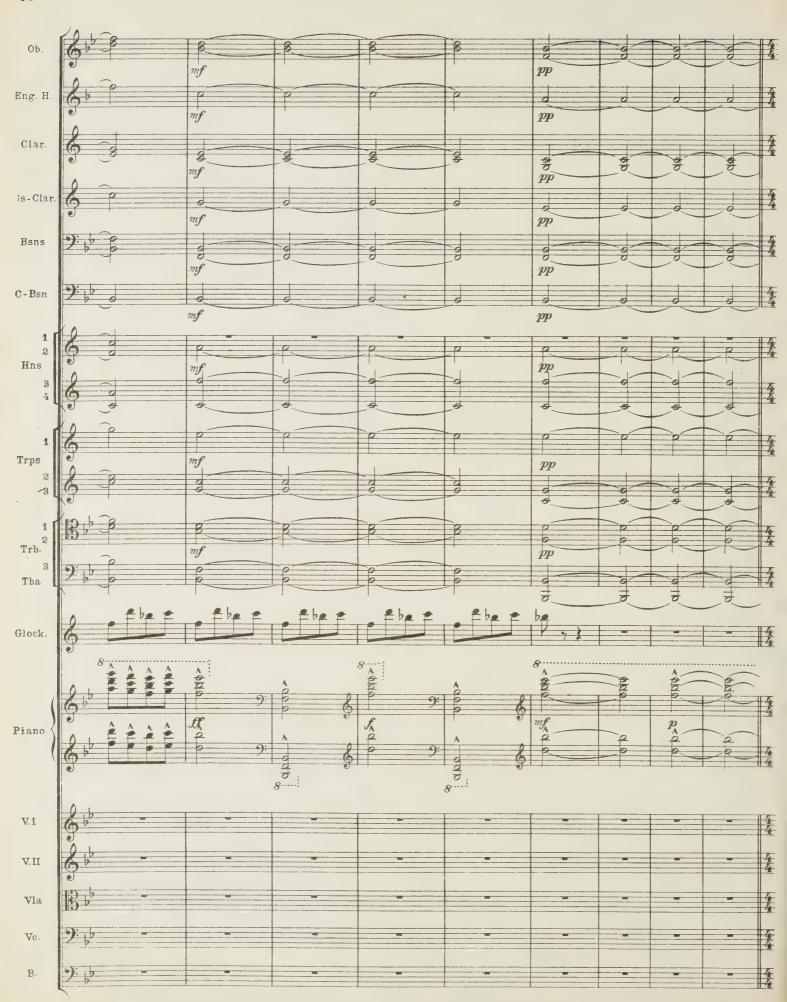


















III. Looking=Glass Insects

— This was anything but a regular bee: in fact, it was an elephant—as Alice soon found out, though the idea quite took her breath away at first.

— The gnat (for that was the insect she had been talking to) was balancing itself on a twig just over her head, and fanning her with its wings. It certainly was a very large gnat: "about the size of a chicken," Alice thought.

"—then you don't like all insects?" the gnat went on, as quietly as if nothing had happened.

"I like them when they can talk," Alice said. "None of them ever talk, where I come from."

"Half way up that bush, you'll see a rocking=horse=fly, if you look . . . Look on the branch above your head, . . . and there you'll find a snap=dragon=fly . . . Crawling at your feet . . . you may observe a bread=and=butter=fly."

"And what does it live on?"

"Weak tea with cream in it."

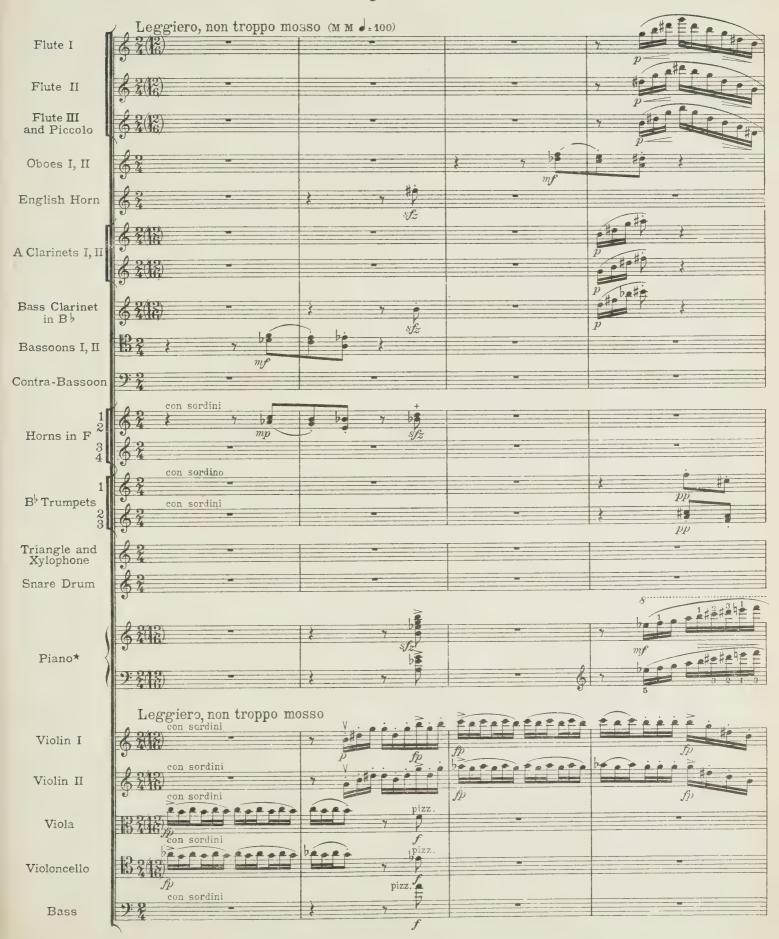
"Supposing it couldn't find any?"

"Then it would die, of course."

 $\hbox{``But that must happen very often,''} A lice remarked thoughtfully.$

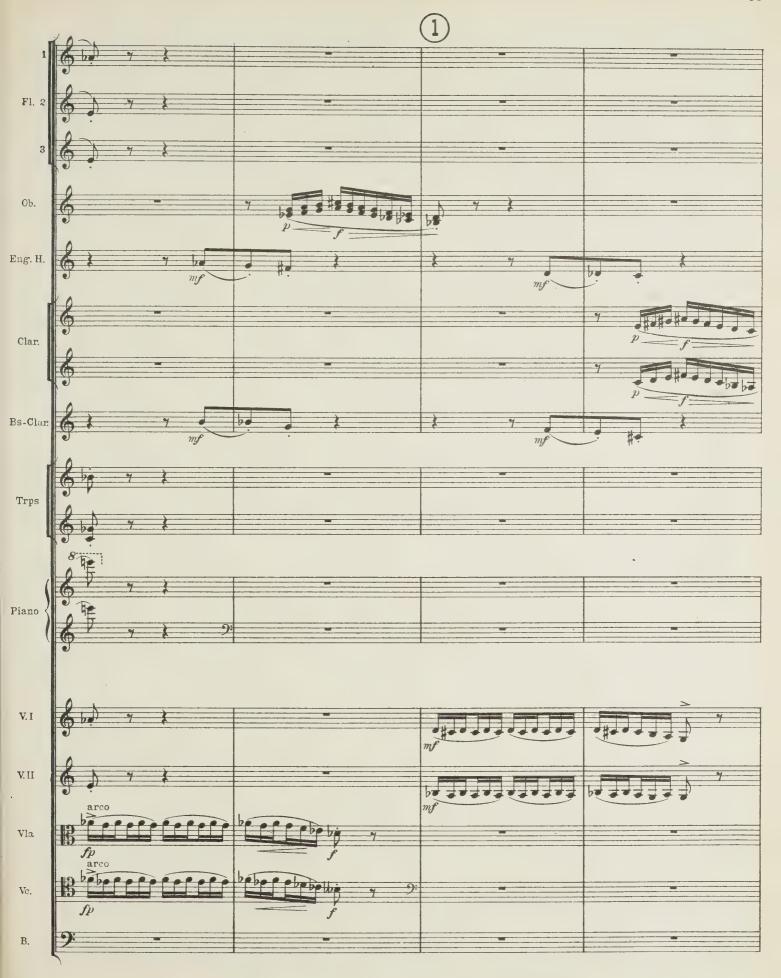
"It always happens", said the gnat.

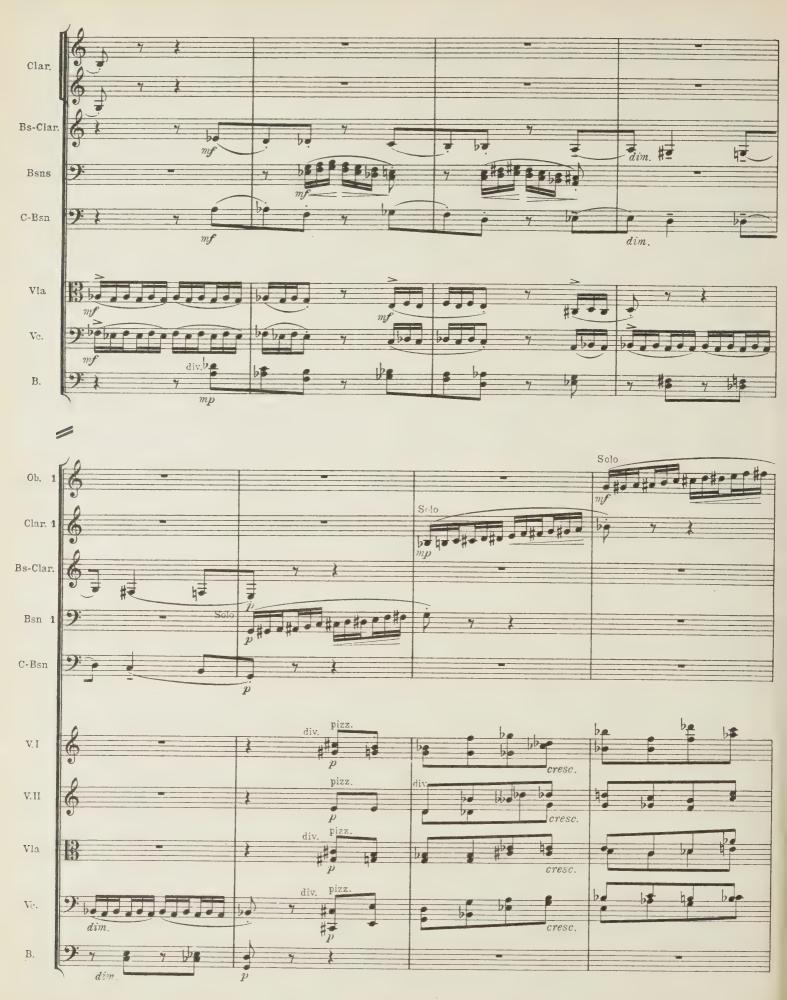
III. Looking=Glass Insects

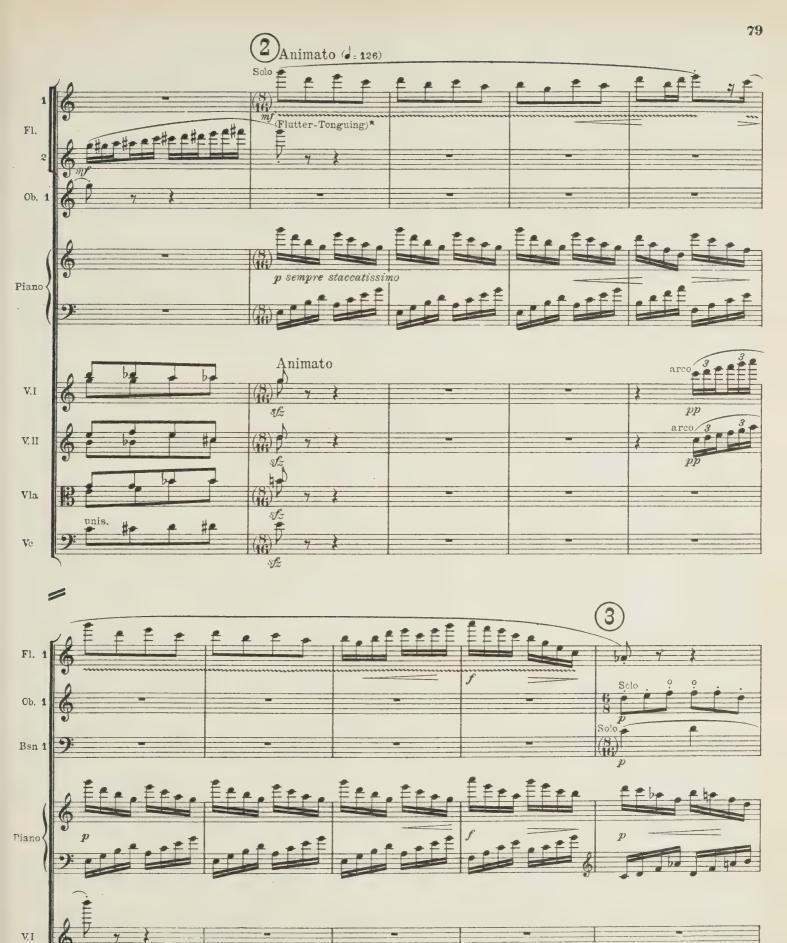


^{*} Note: The tone of the Piano should be altered by laying strips of tissue paper across the strings

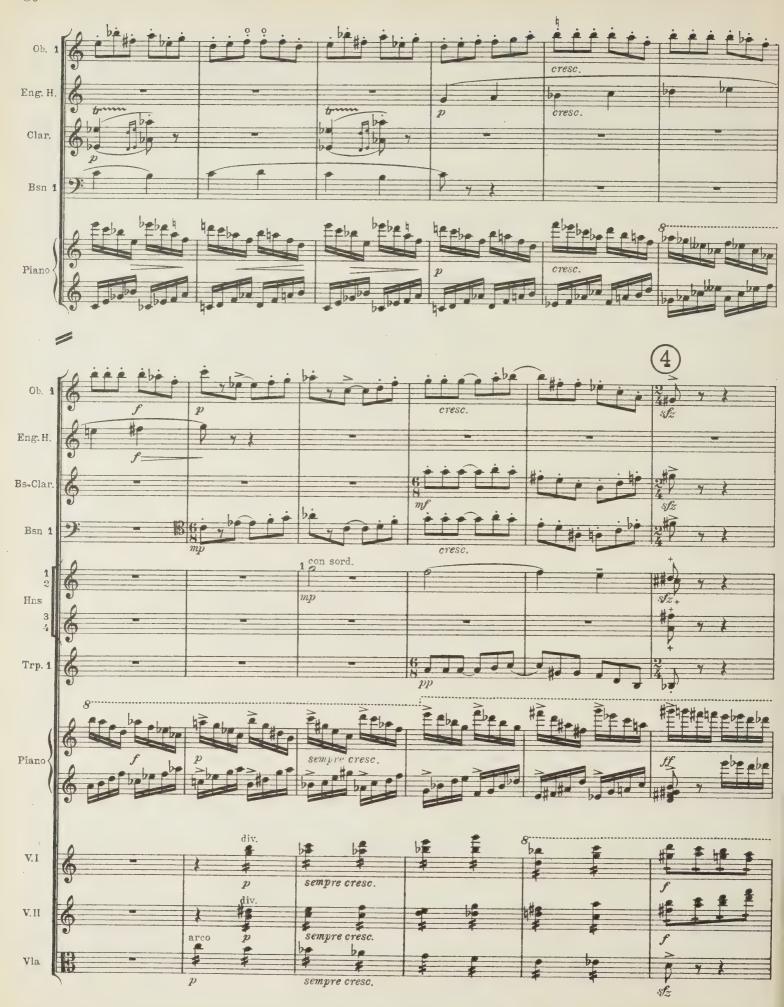


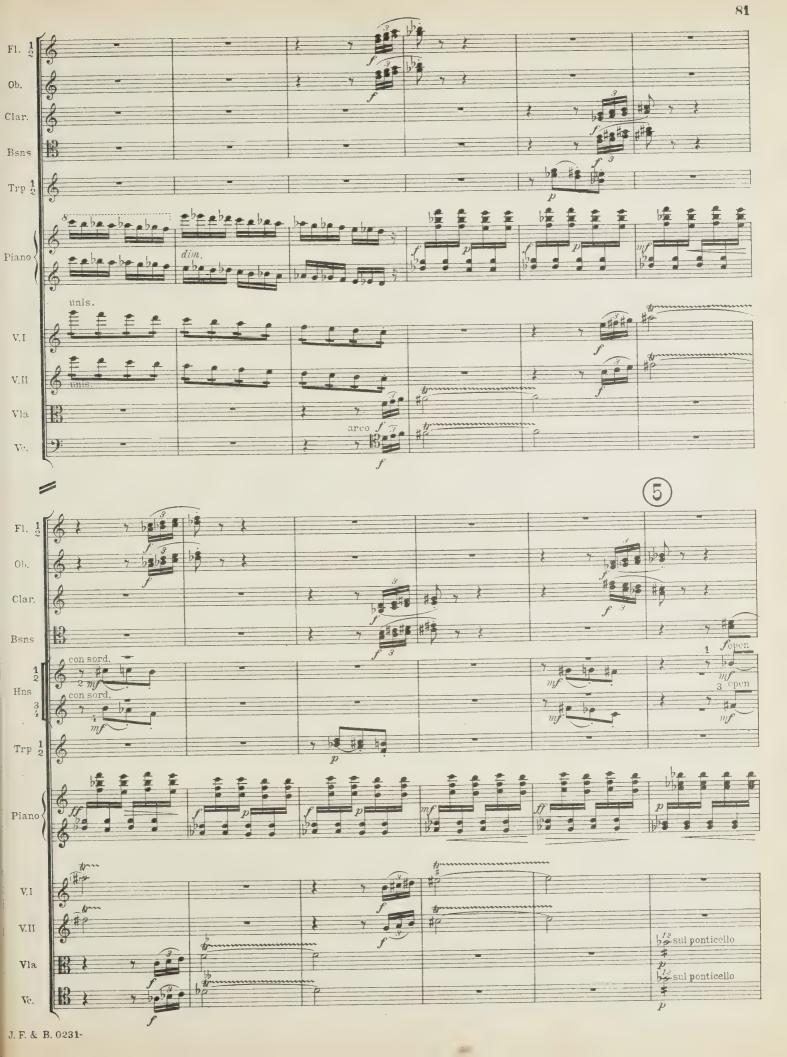


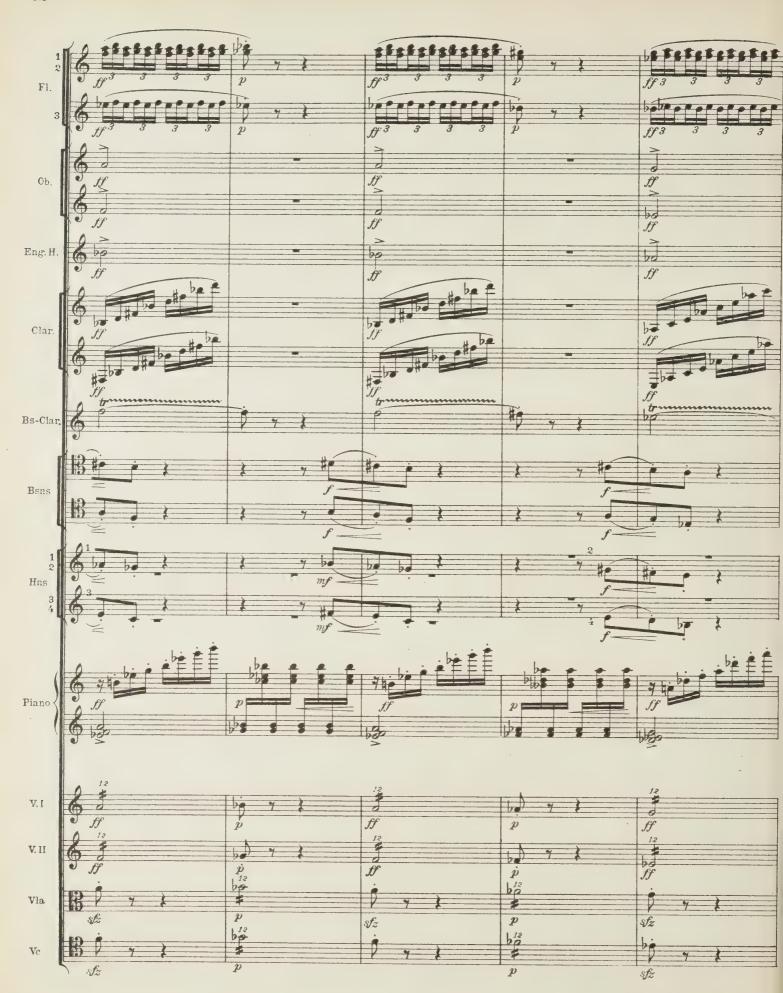


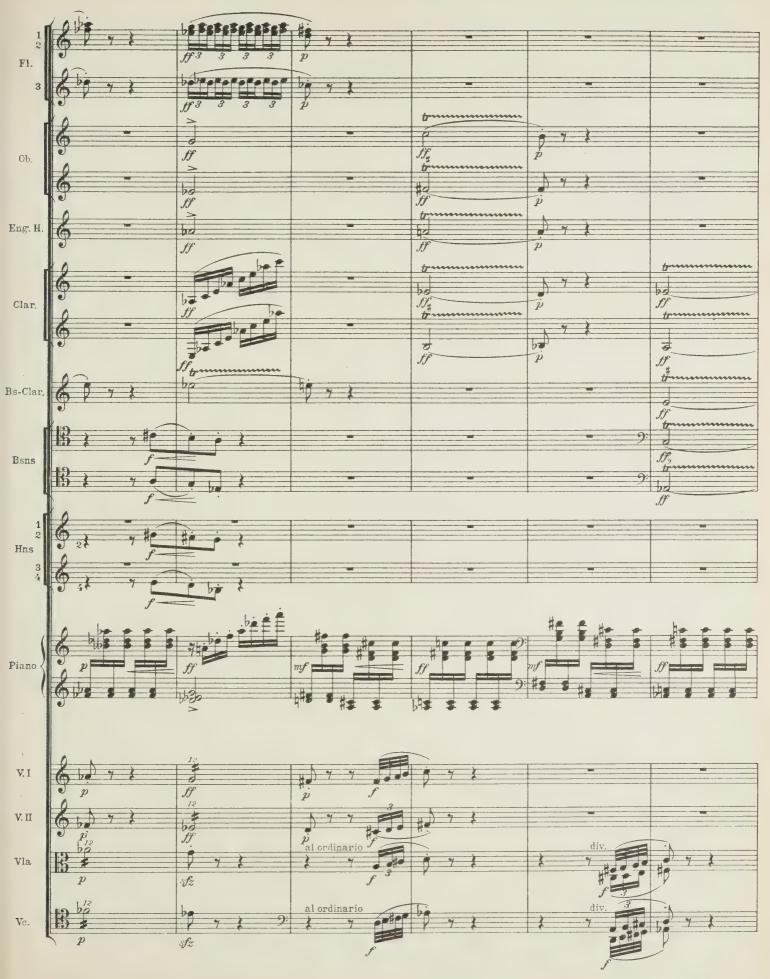


*Trill with the tongue (r-r-r-r) while playing. A wavy line under the notes (-----) indicates flutter-tonguing J.F. & B. 0231-



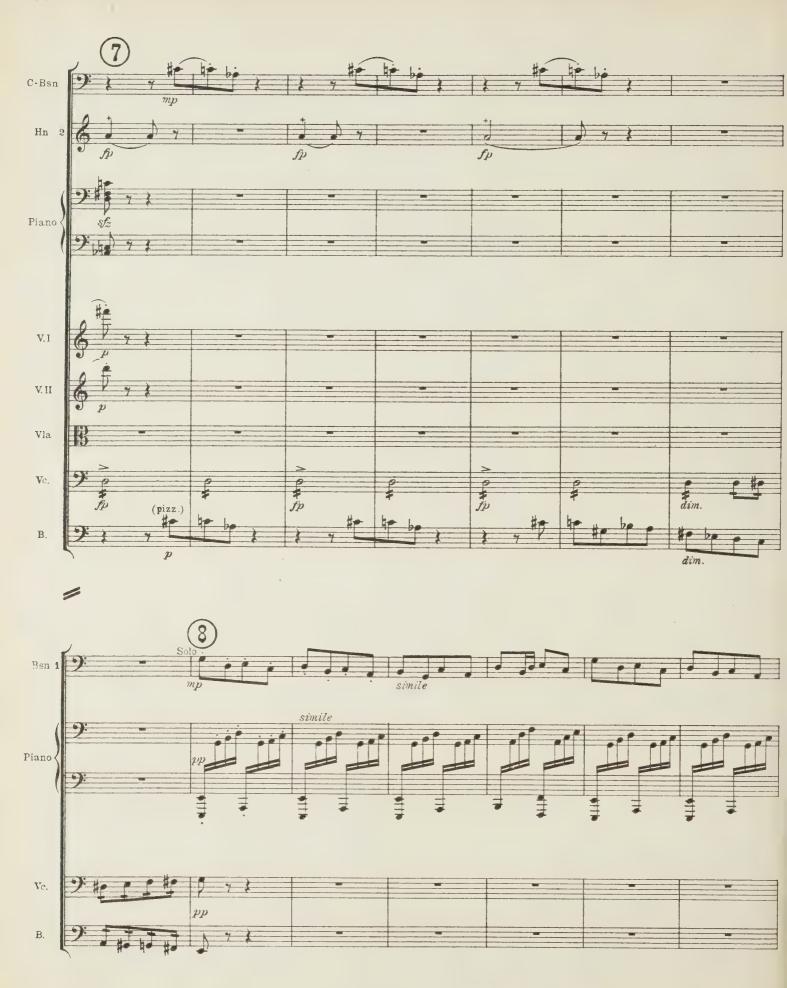








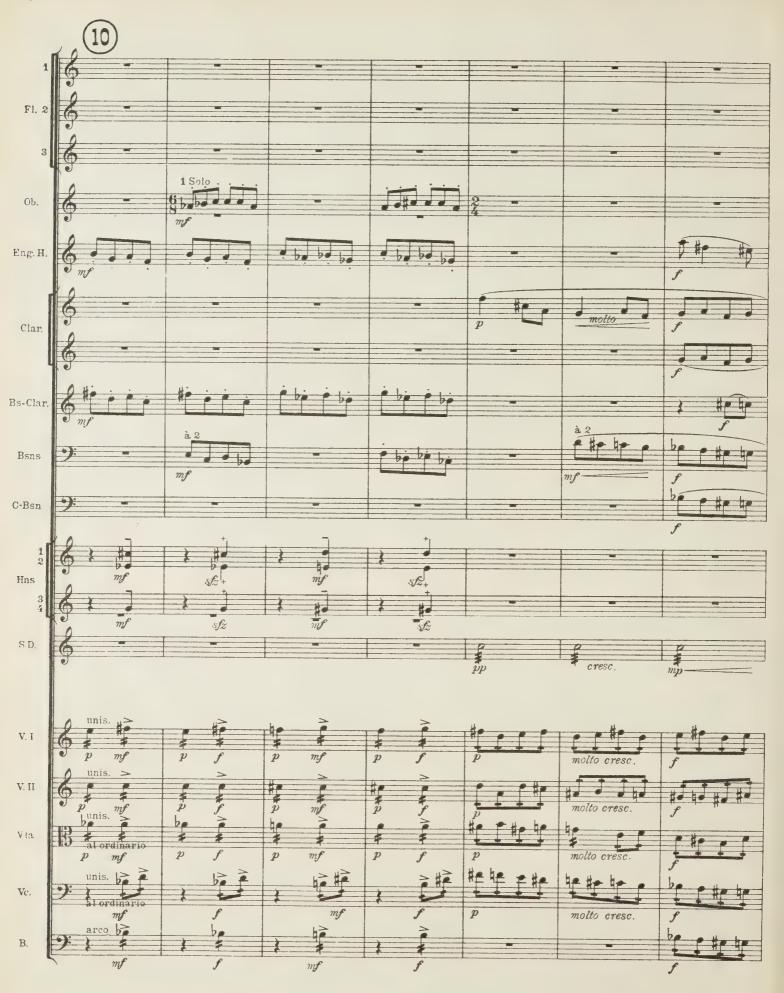


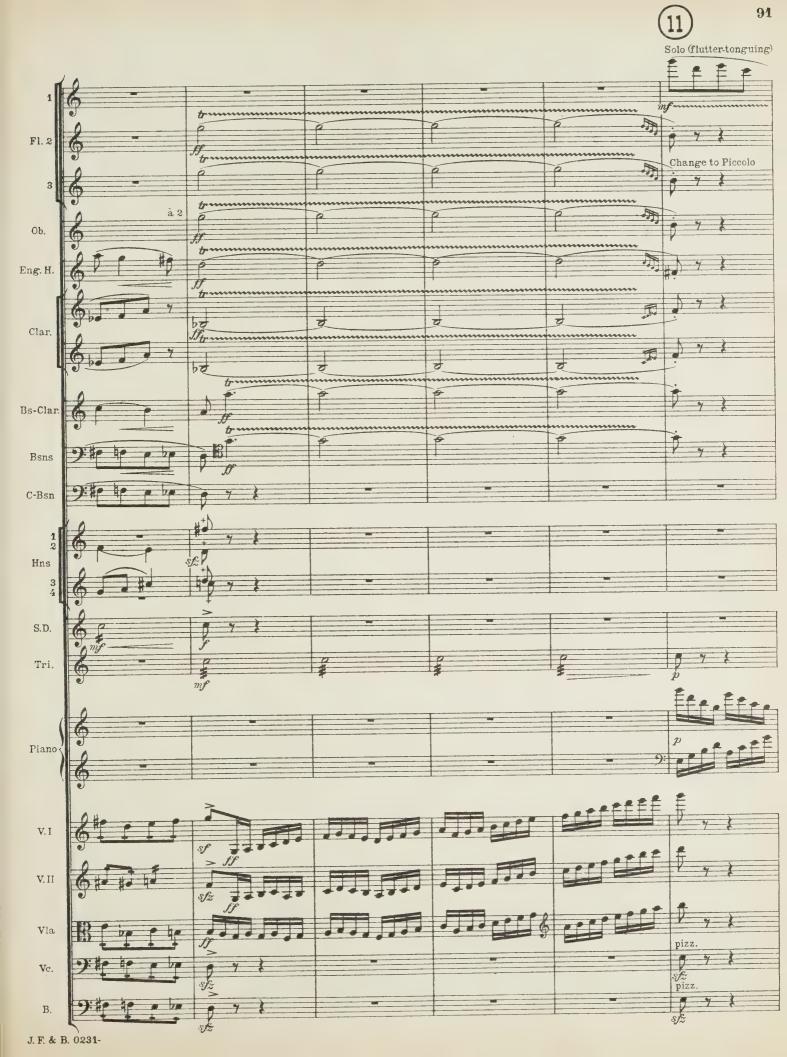








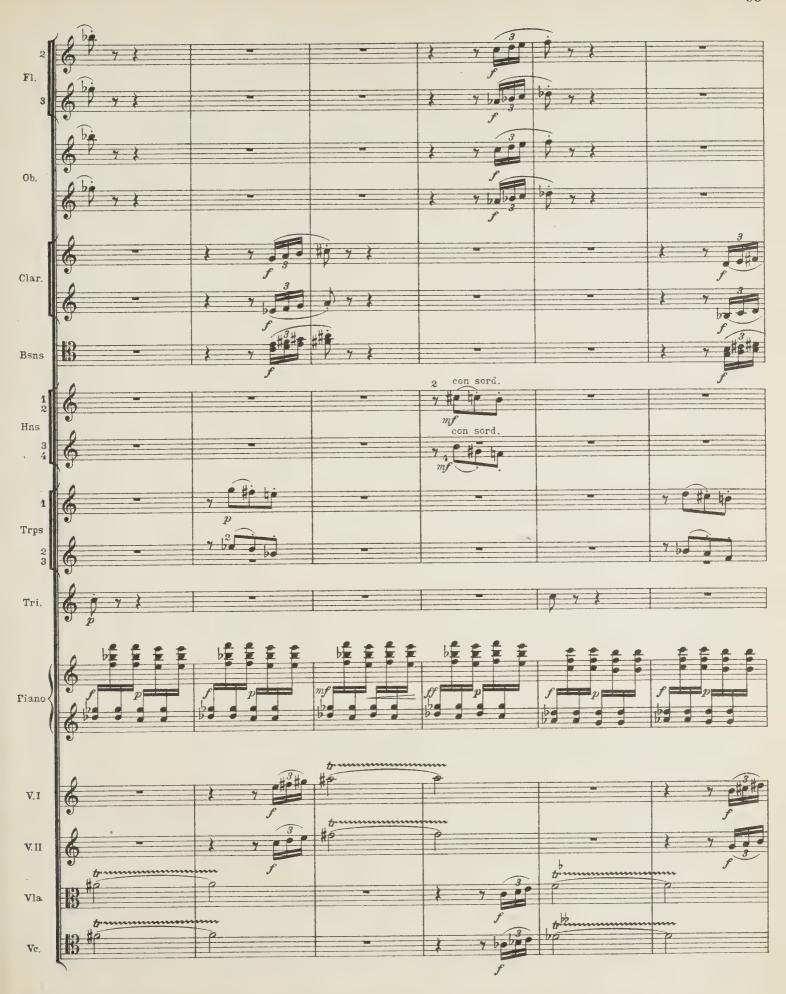




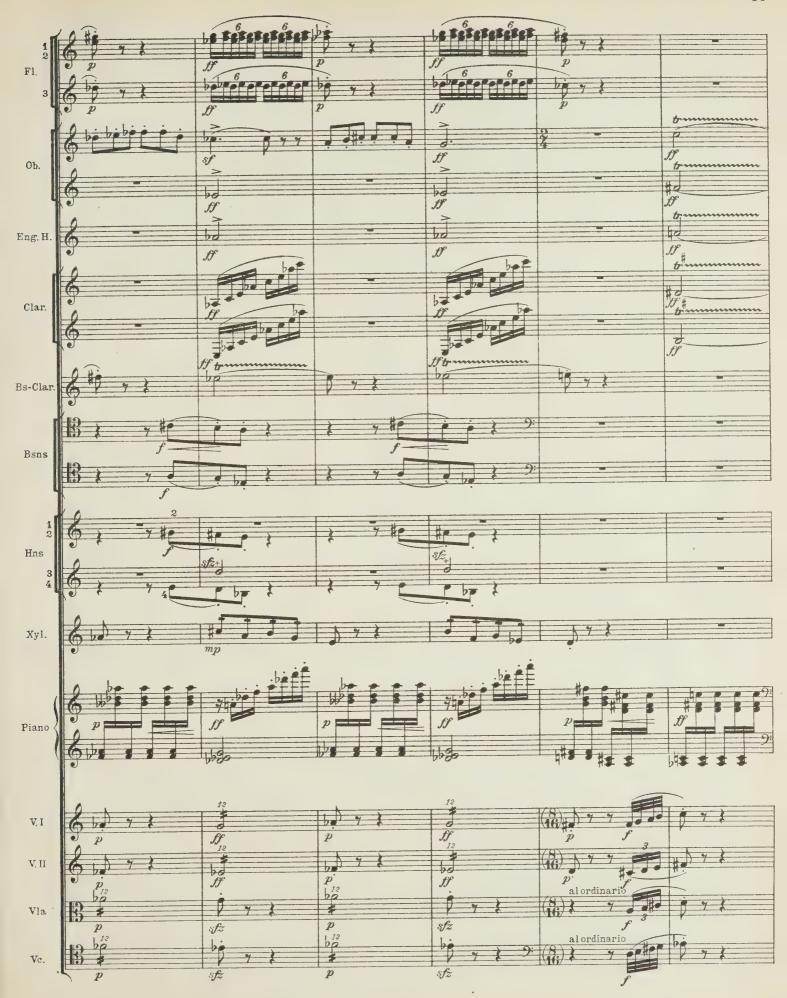




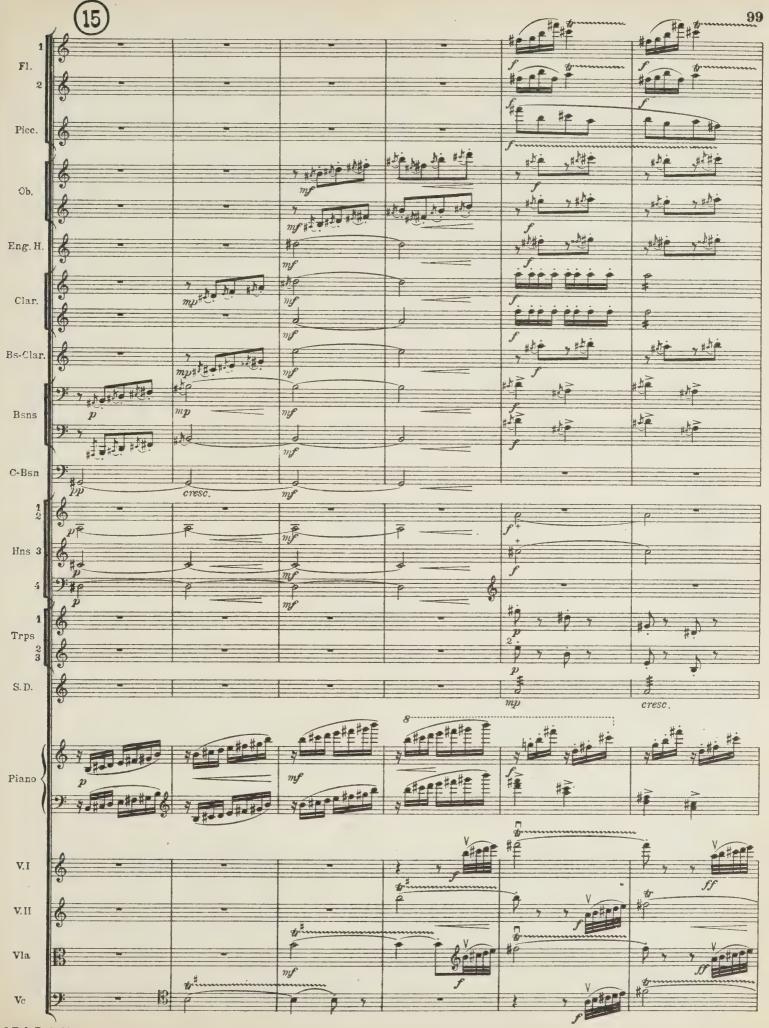
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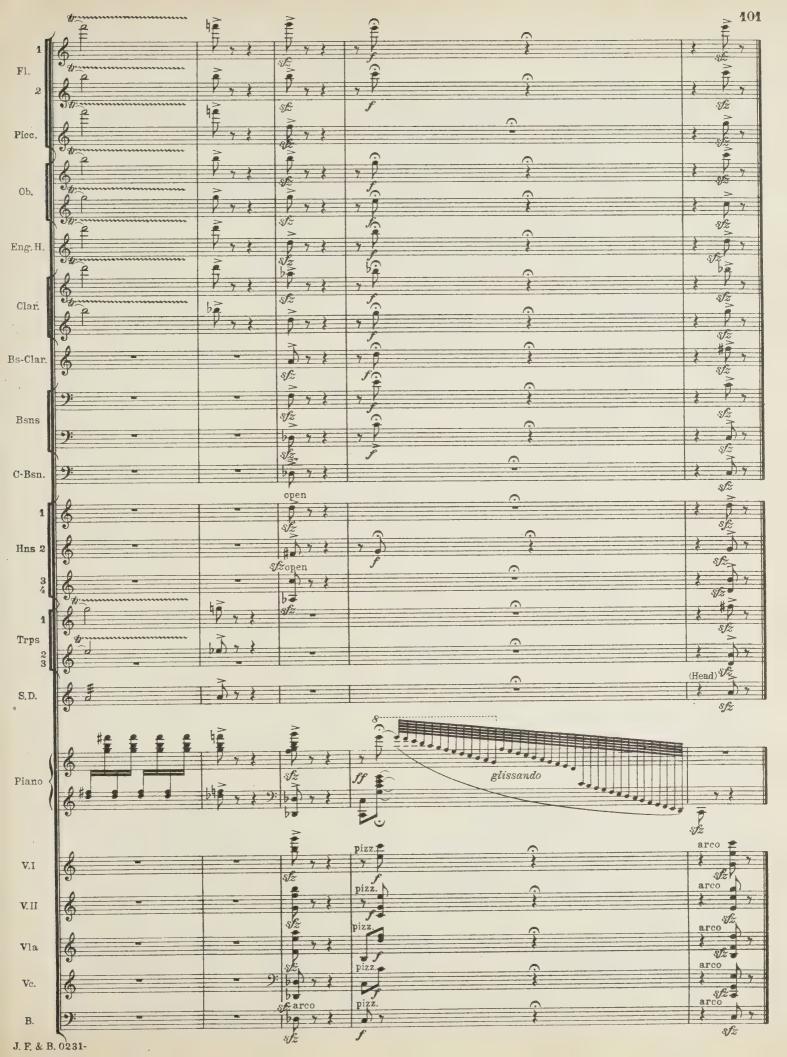












IV. The White Knight

This time it was a white knight. He drew up at Alice's side, and tumbled off his horse just as the red knight had done.

"Thank you very much," said Alice. "May I help you off with your helmet?"

"Now one can breathe more easily," said the knight, putting back his shaggy hair with both hands, and turning his gentle face and large mild eyes to Alice. She thought she had never seen such a strange looking soldier in all her life.

Whenever the horse stopped (which it did very often), he fell off in front; and whenever it went on again (which it generally did rather suddenly), he fell off behind.

"The great art of riding," said the knight suddenly in a loud voice, waving his right arm as he spoke, "is to keep —" here the sentence ended as suddenly as it had begun, as the knight fell heavily on the top of his head exactly in the path where Alice was walking.

Of all the strange things that Alice saw in her journey through the looking=glass, this was the one that she always remem=bered most clearly. Years afterwards she could bring the whole scene back again, as if it had been only yesterday — the mild blue eyes and kindly smile of the knight, the setting sun gleaming through his hair, and shining on his armour in a blaze of light that quite dazzled her, the horse quietly moving about, ... and the black shadows of the forest behind...

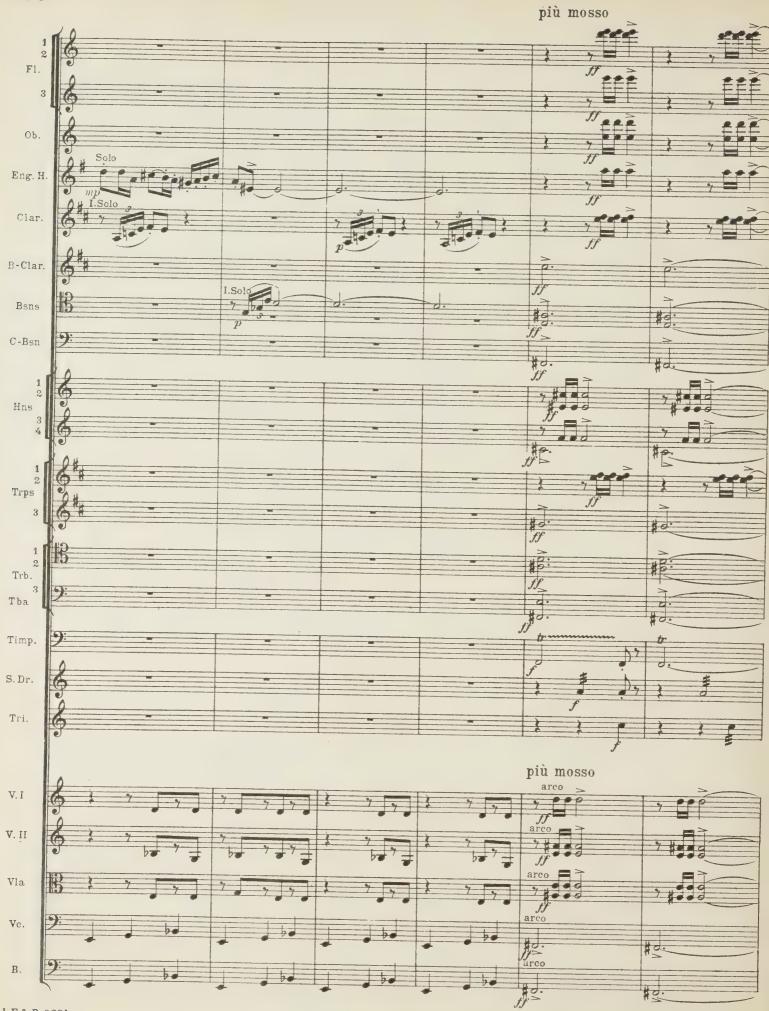
⁻ He gathered up the reins, and turned his horse's head along the road by which they had come.

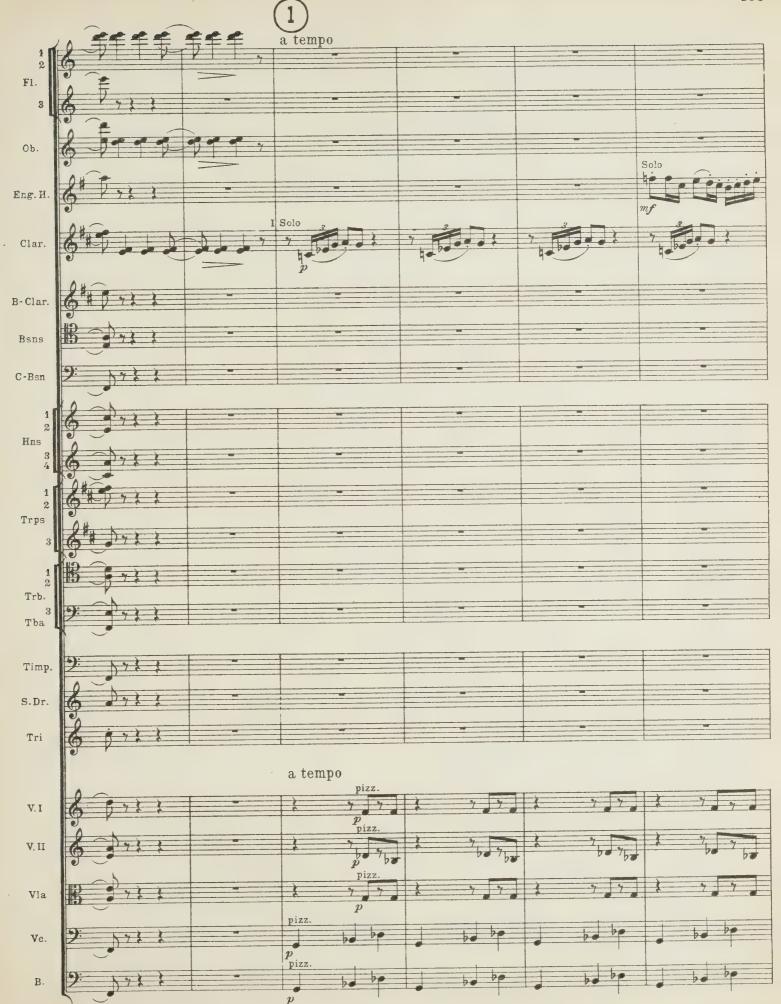
^{— &}quot;You'll stay and see me off first?... I shan't be long. You'll wait and wave your handkerchief when I get to that turn in the road? I think it'll encourage me, you see."

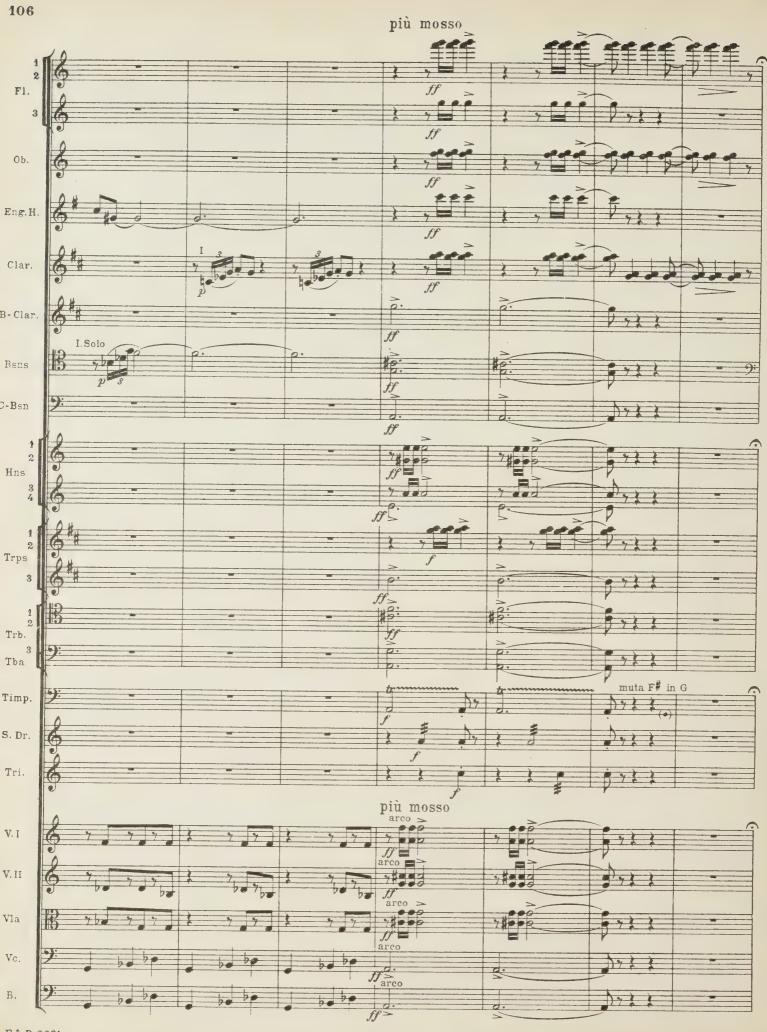
IV. The White Knight

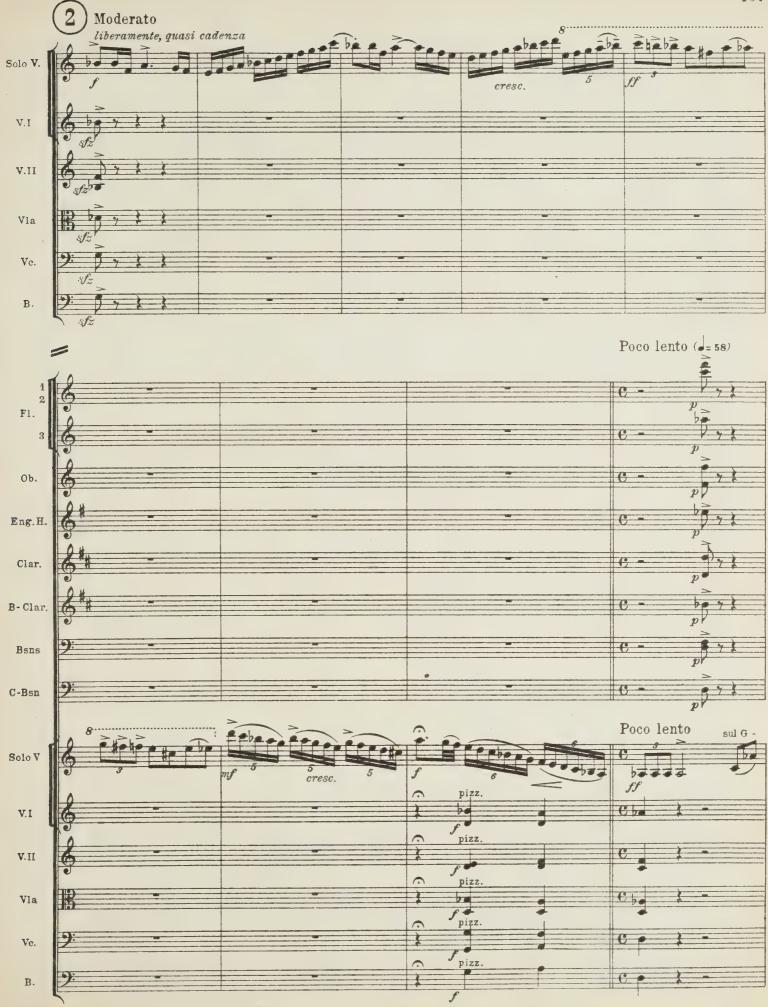


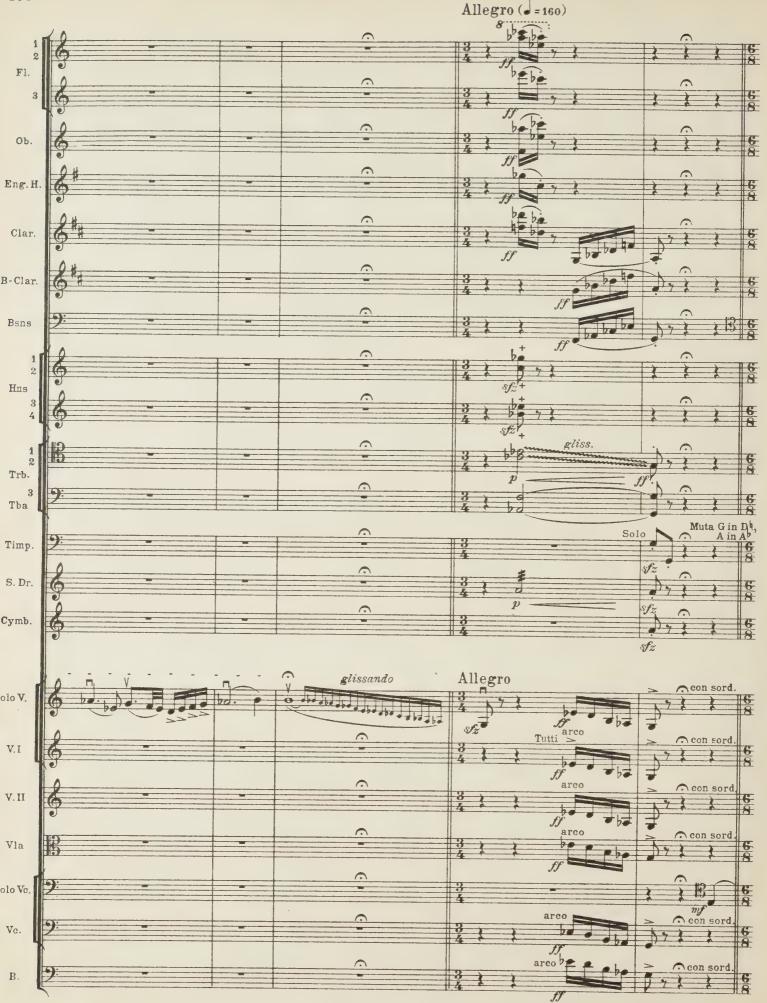
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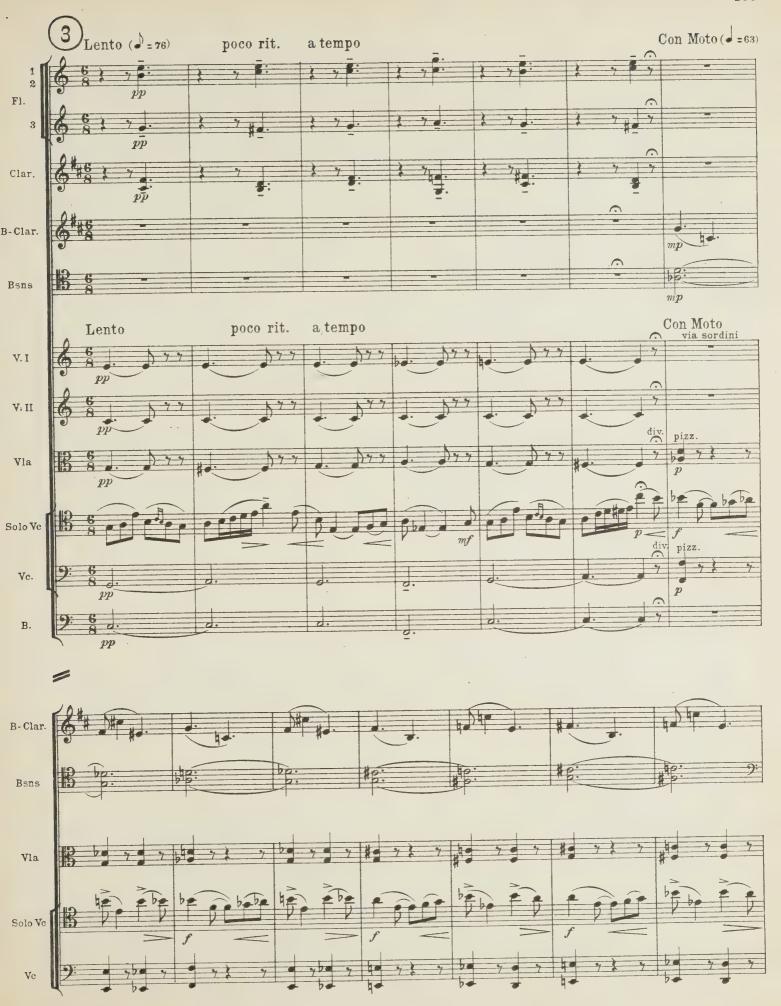


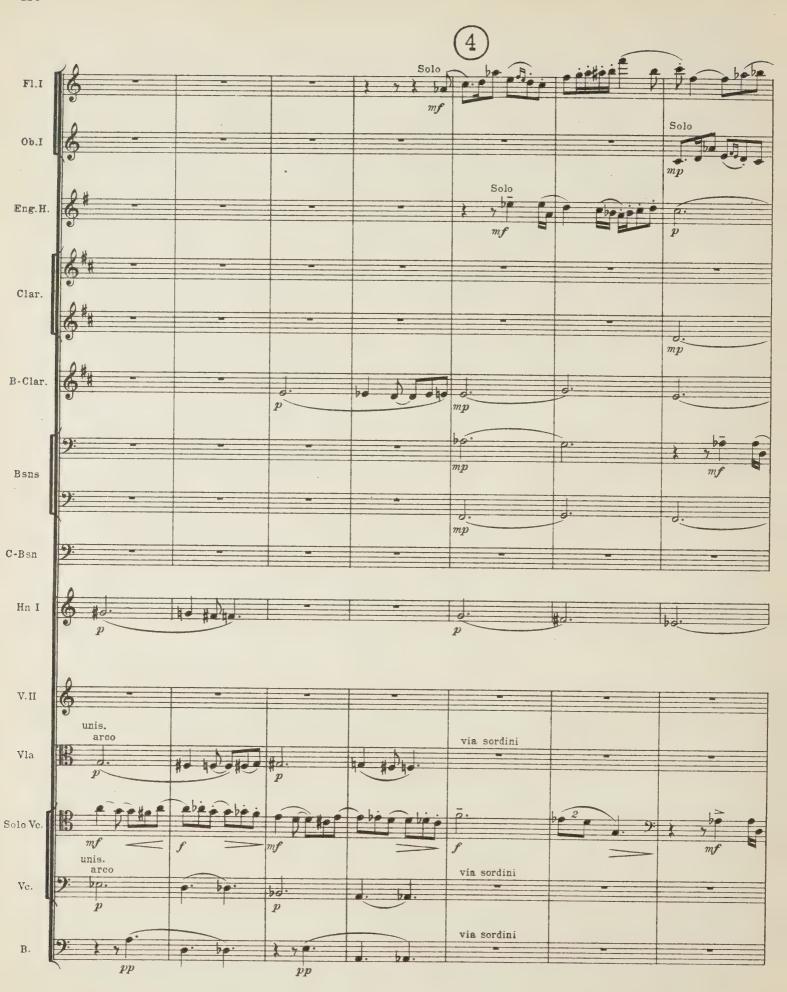


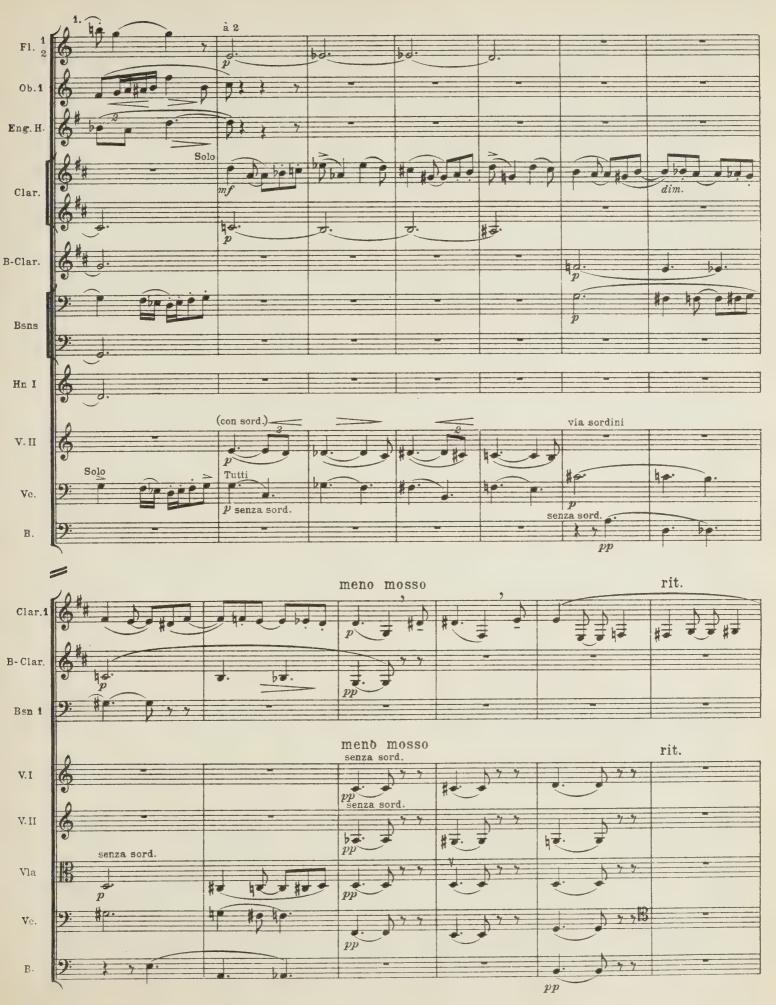


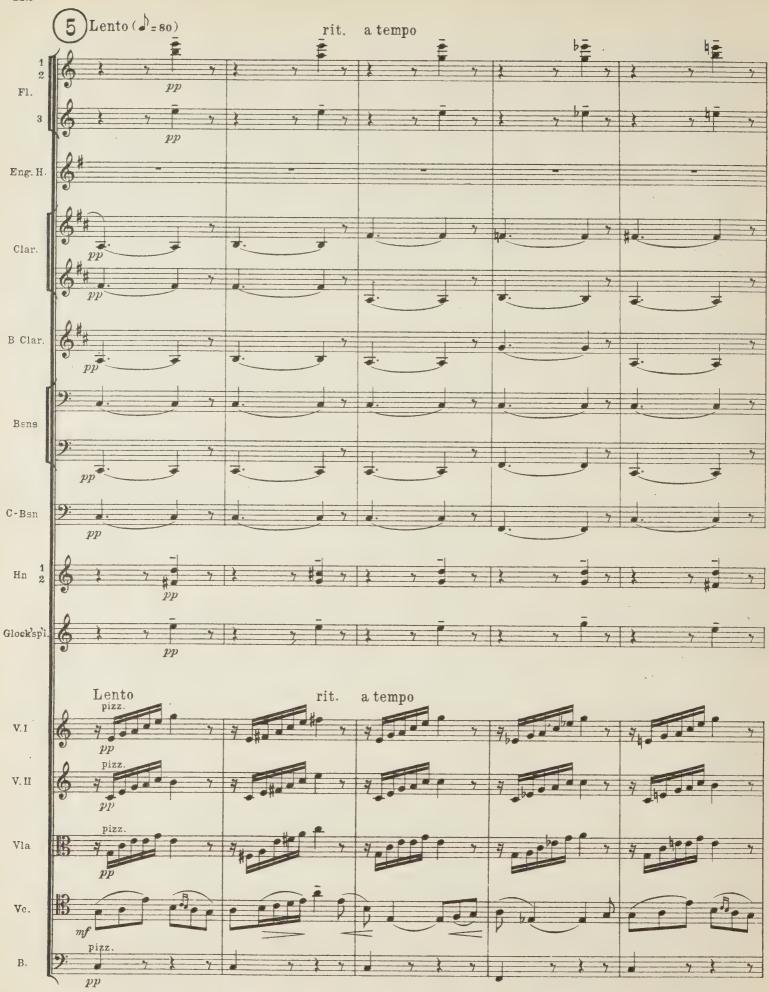








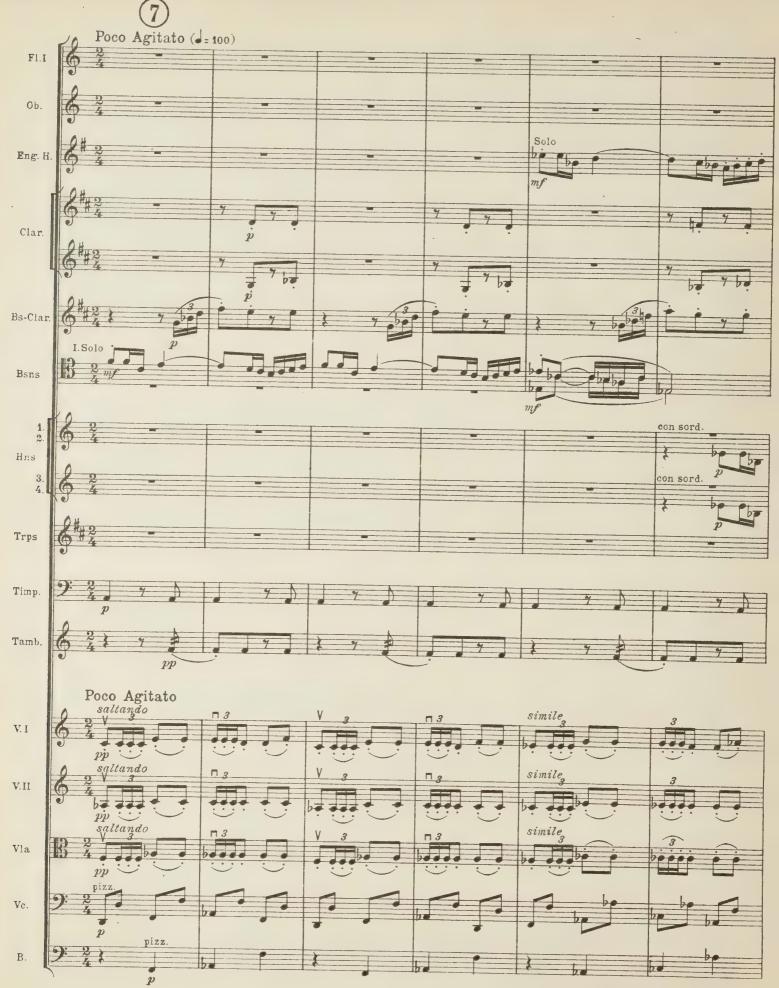




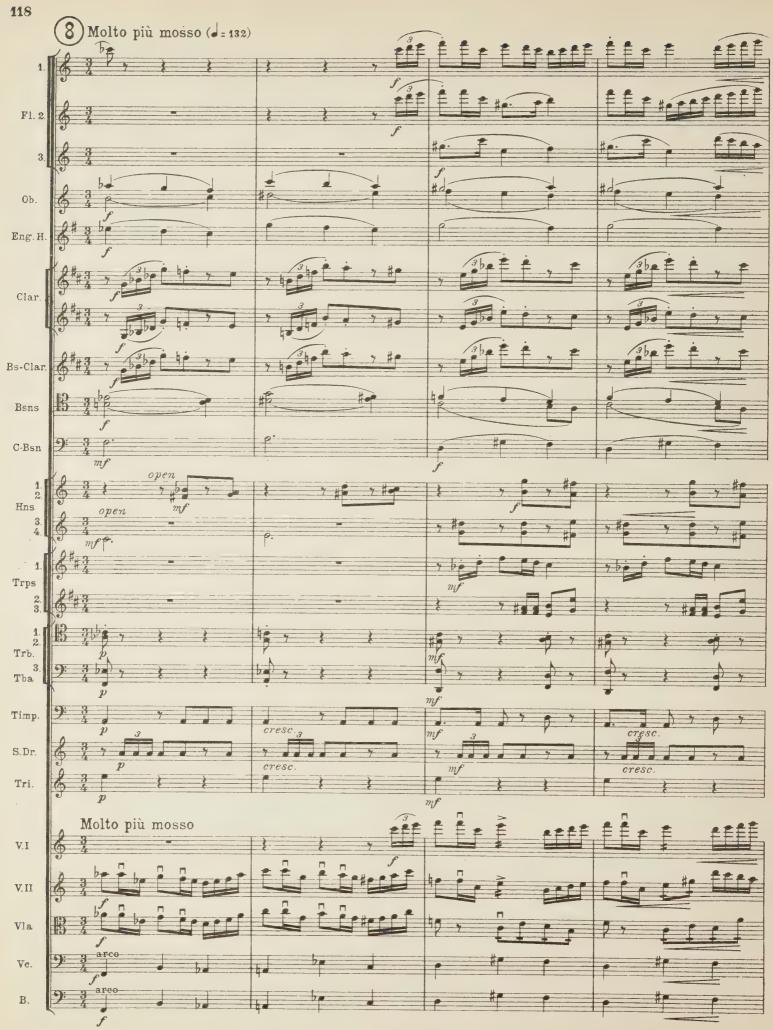


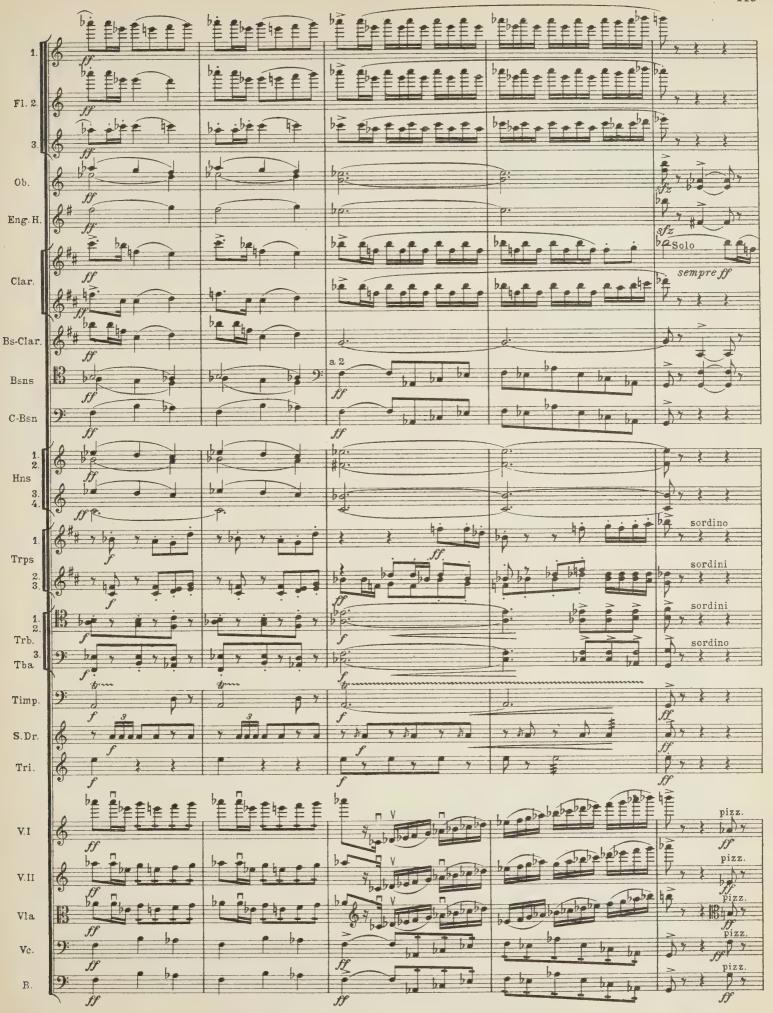










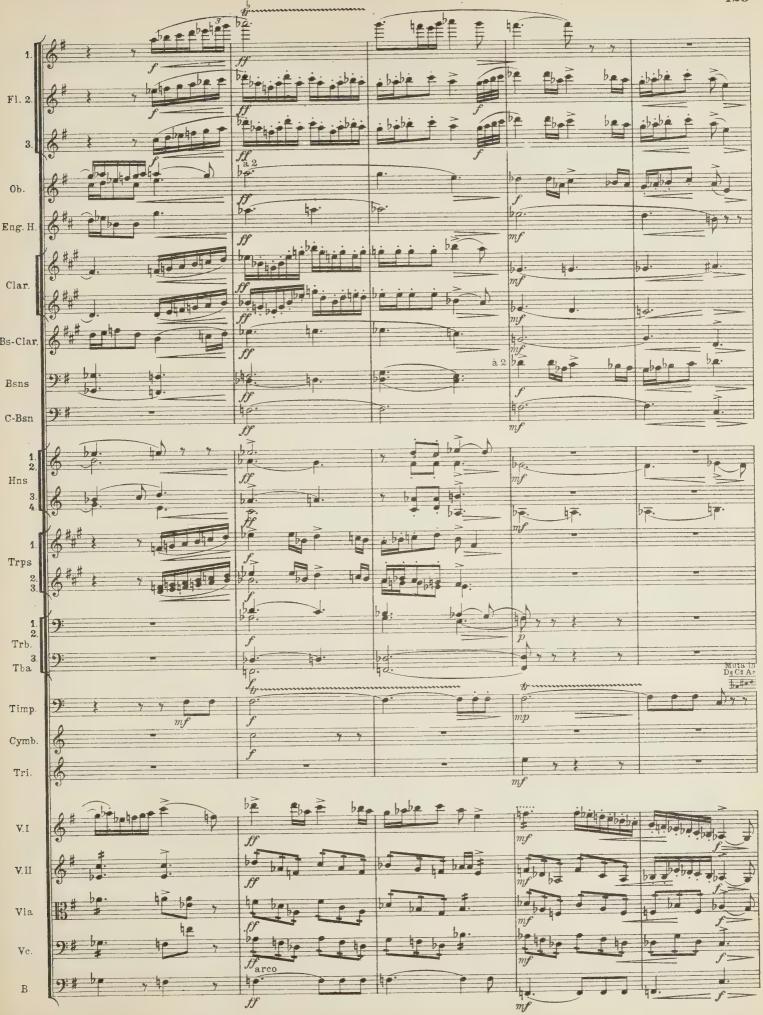




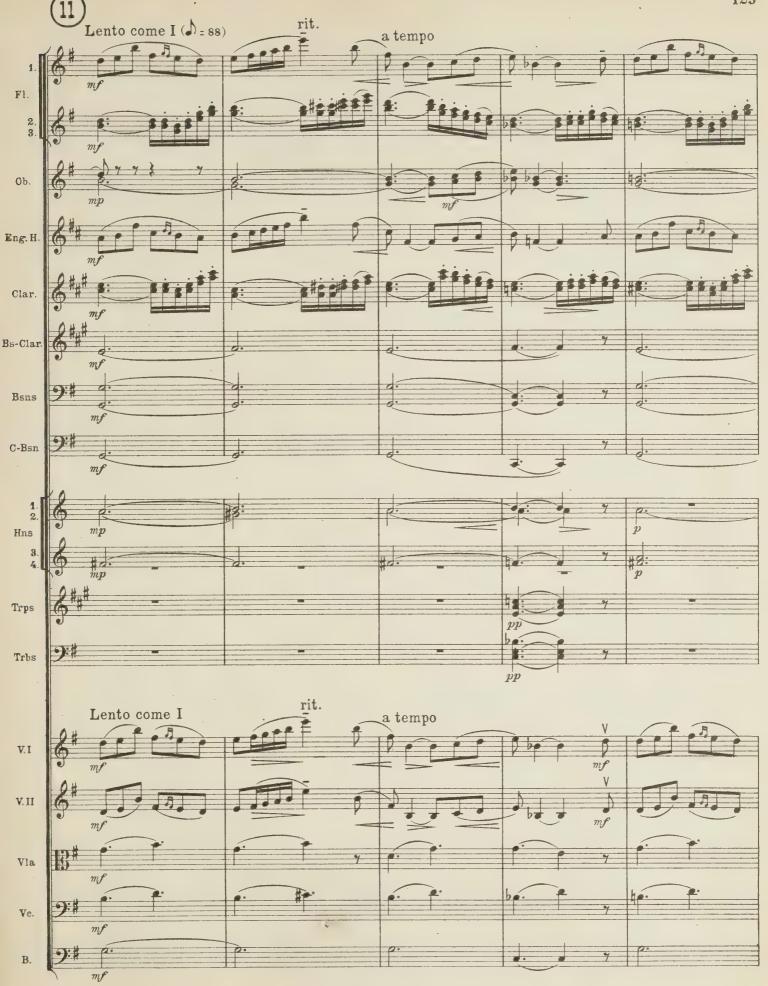




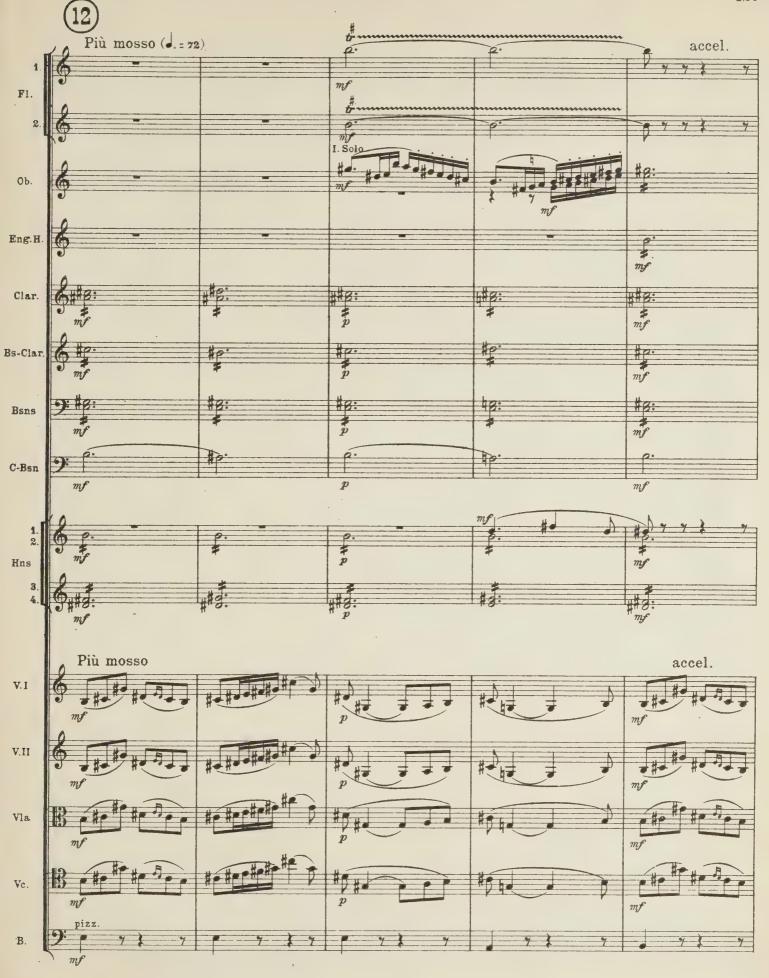


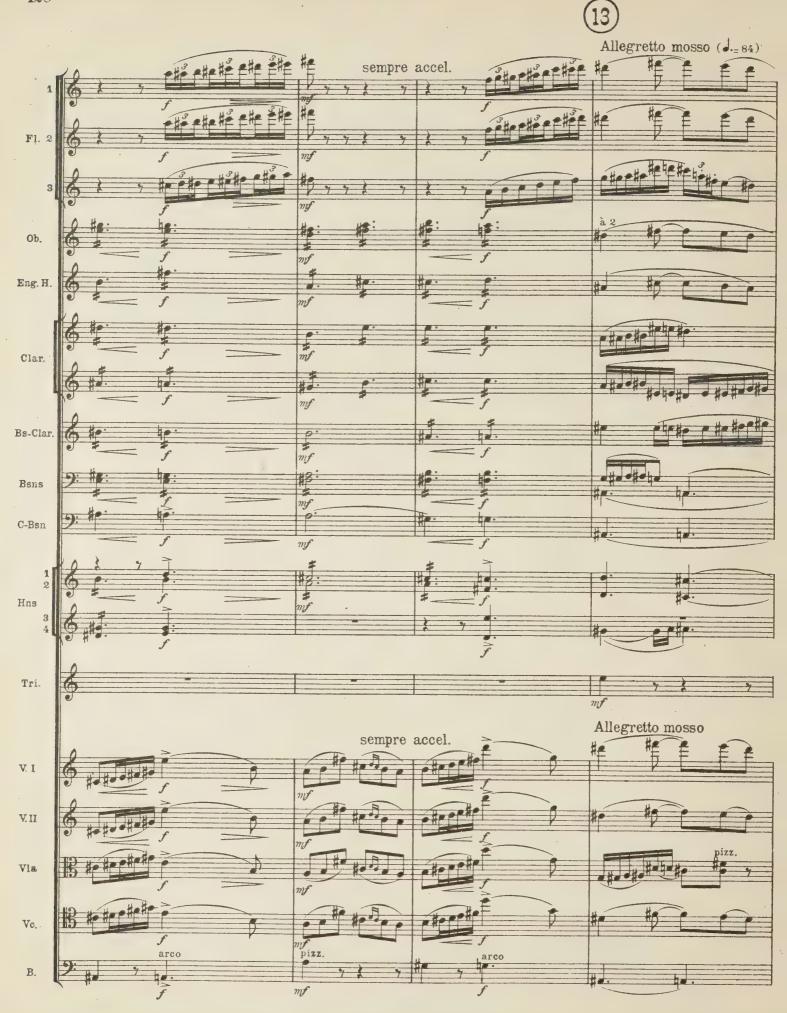


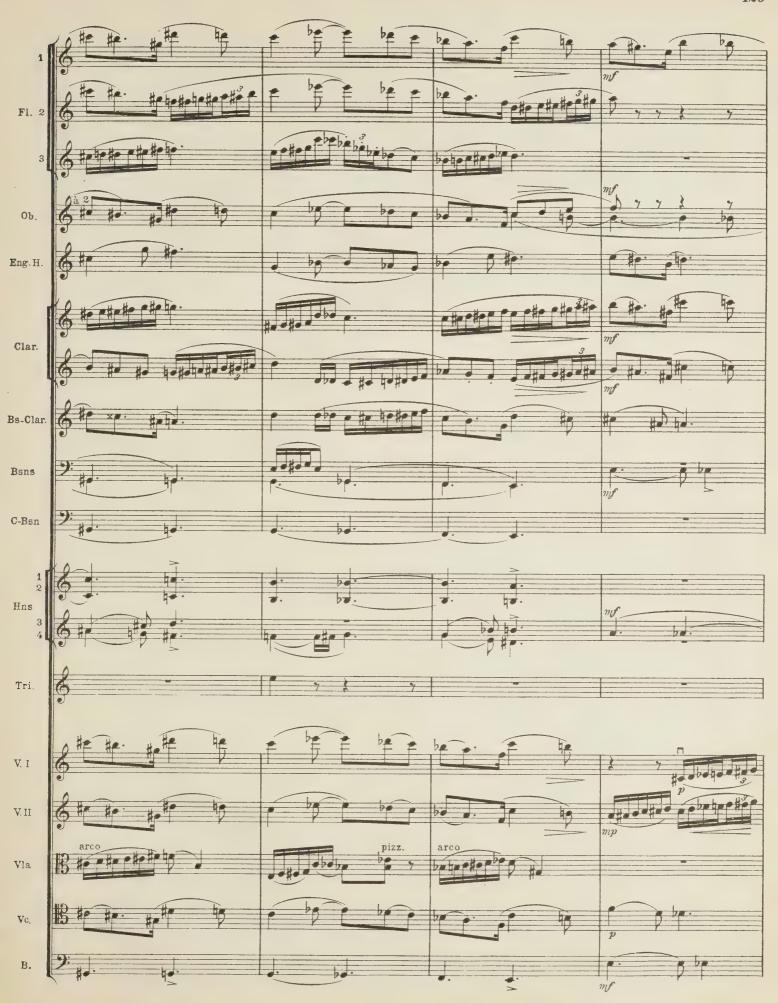




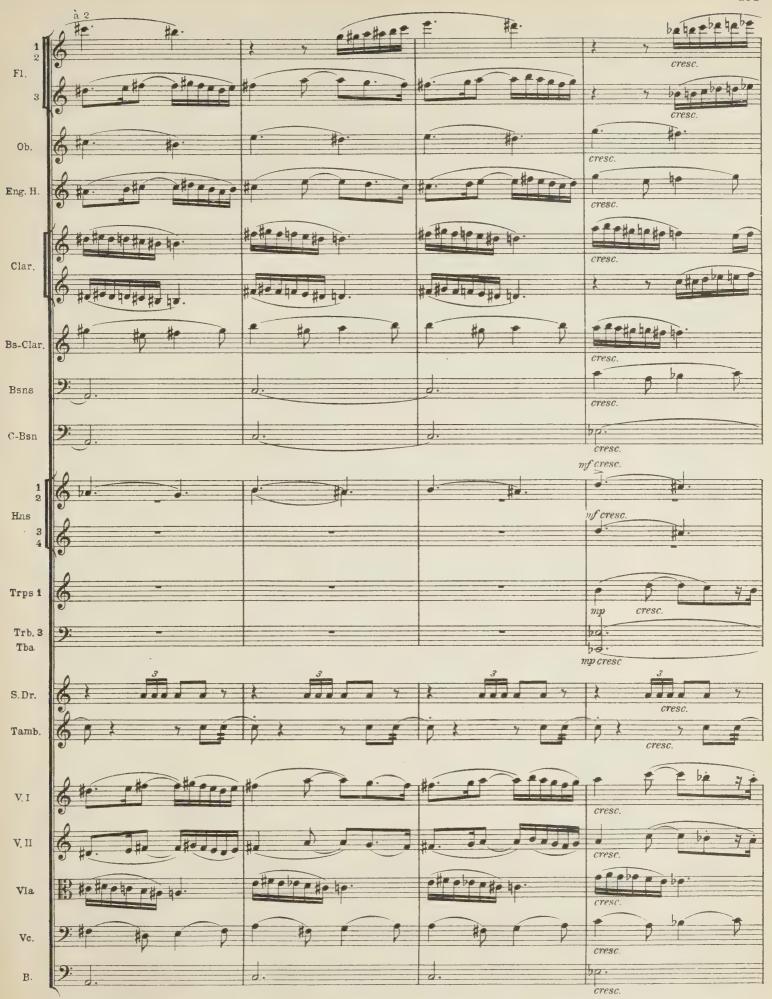








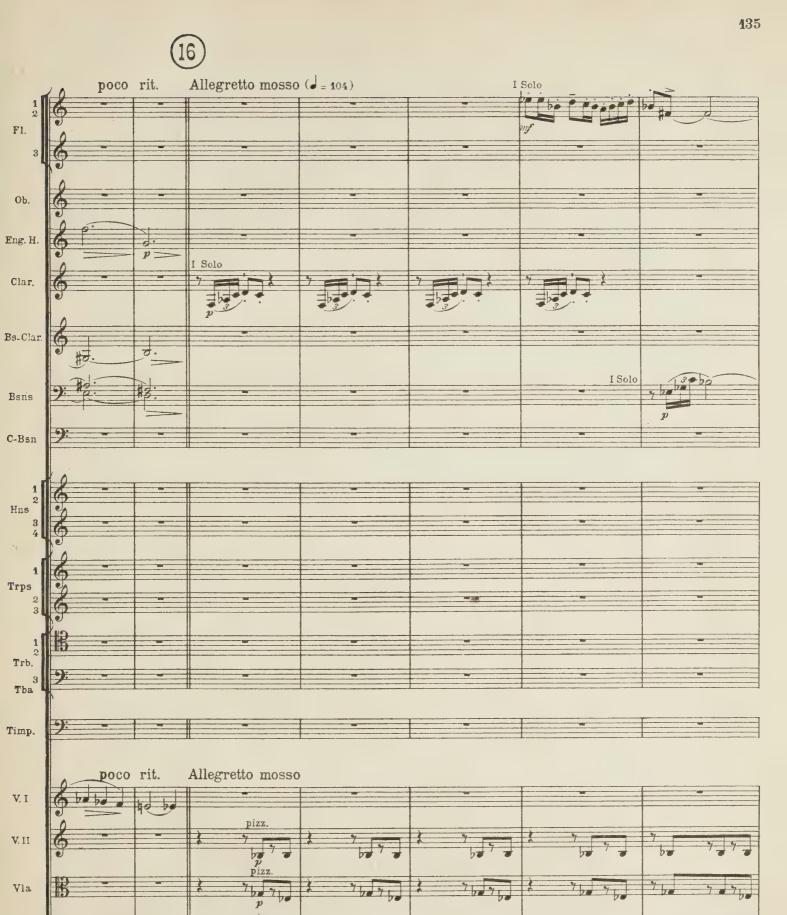




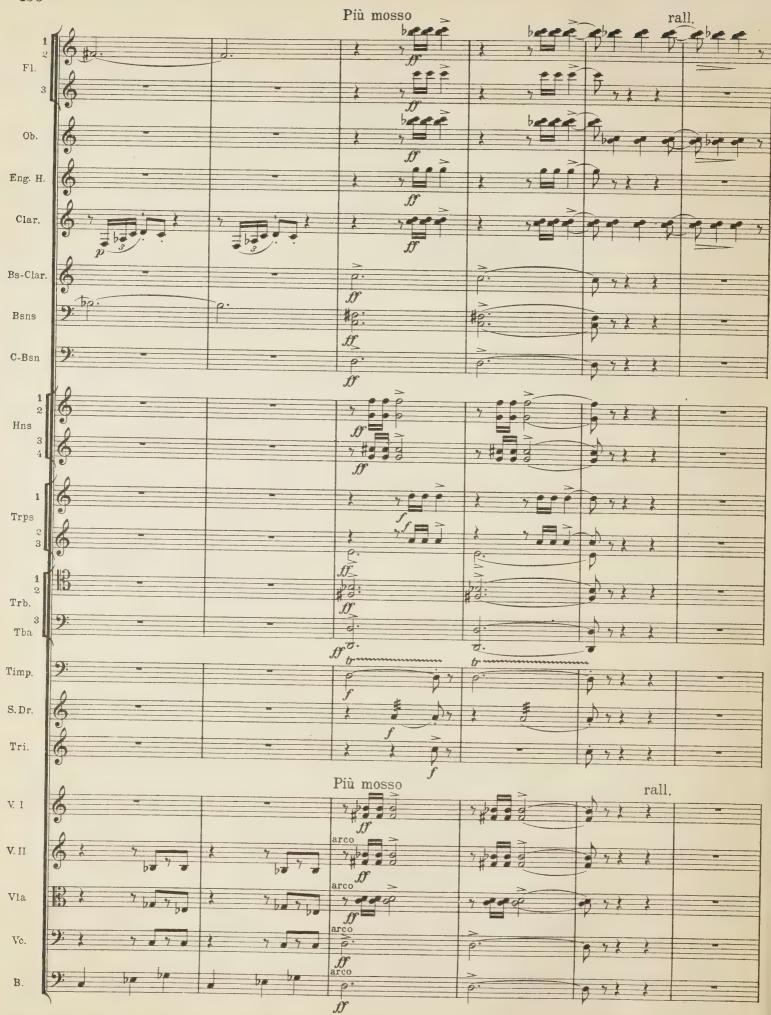








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